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Every Week

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By B. C. Forbes

THE WOMEN OF WALL STREET

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Dept. L 181, Chicago

If You Want to Know What Will Happen When the War Is Over, Study What Is Happening Now

WILL stocks go down when peace is here?

How long will our prosperity last? How soon, after it has departed, will it return again?

I do not know the answer to these questions. But one thing I *do* know; and it interests me much more.

I know that the condition of the common people of the world will never in the future be as bad as it has been in the past.

One who listens carefully may hear the echo of this awful war *right now*. And the echo's name is Social Betterment.

Look at any single nation.

Germany, for example. Even before the war, the railroads owned and operated by the State; poverty practically abolished; universal health insurance; universal pensions; specialized training for every boy and girl.

Do you think for one minute that Germany's men are coming back from the trenches to accept *less* of the opportunities of life than they had won for themselves before the war?

What do you see in England? Rich and poor eating submissively the same food, doled out to them by the State. Tremendous taxes on inheritances and on the wealth of those who have more than enough. Labor members holding the balance of power in the Cabinet. Insurance; pensions; prohibition imminent; and the promise of much more to come.

England's common folk are holding the trenches side by side with England's choicest. Think you those commoners will come back to worship those whom they have saved?

See little Denmark. Shoes and clothes manufactured by the State—all alike, and all as cheap as possible. The prices of practically everything governmentally fixed.

A minimum income of $500 per family, with government subsidy in cases where the family income falls below that figure.

Luxuries taxed to a point that is practically prohibitive; prison penalties for those who waste on themselves the wealth that should supply comfort for all.

You need not look to Europe:

Look right here at home.

I remember sitting in the Senate at Washington when Senator La Follette proposed that the government build railroads in Alaska. The suggestion created an uproar.

To-day we have the Postmaster-General proposing that the government buy every telegraph and telephone line in the United States: and the proposal creates hardly a ripple of surprise.

The Governor of rock-ribbed Massachusetts proposes State health insurance and pensions: and even the most conservative newspapers praise his statesmanship.

The Union Pacific Railroad announces the insurance of all its employees: intelligent observers predict national health insurance within a year or two.

Call it socialism or what you will, the fact remains the same. The most destructive war in history is working history's greatest social changes.

Looking ahead, knowing what is coming, it is the duty of every man of influence or position or wealth in the United States to consecrate himself.

To the end that this great change which is almost upon us may not be leaderless. That it may be an evolution, not a revolution. That it may come peacefully, orderly, step by step, and only so fast as it can come wholesomely.

And that there may come with it a spiritual as well as a material development.

That the people who are to share more fully in the things that can be eaten and worn and traded in may not lose their vision of the things that are greater and more enduring.

May not lose that *vision* without which even the best fed and most warmly clothed people will perish.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

Every woman knows that over half her hair pins must go in *Top Down*. That's why millions of hair pins are lost in the streets every day.

Five Sizes

That's why ordinary hair pins slip and fall out. Then her hair loosens. Stray locks straggle down. Her whole appearance is spoiled. Her smart hat looks dowdy. The "style" is gone.

Now all this annoyance is a thing of the past. HUMP Hair Pins have come. No other invention has brought such everyday comfort and lifelong relief to women everywhere.

Once in the hair, HUMP Hair Pins never require a single thought or second touch. They **stay**. And the **fewest** are needed, even for heavy hair. This saves the hair—avoids headaches.

HUMP Hair Pins are beautifully made. Of finest, tempered steel. They are light-weight and **extra** strong. Dainty, flexible, and smooth as satin from end to end.

So simple—and **easy to use.** Easy to put in your hair. Easy to take out. They never feel heavy or tight. Never tug and pull or tangle your hair. They are wonderful time-savers.

Magic Invisibles

Invisible HUMP Hair Pins are little jewels. Women who have given up using invisibles, because they invariably slip out, find HUMP Invisibles **indispensable.** For "short ends," for waves over forehead and ears, for little loose strands in the neck—to fasten nets and veils—they are **unequalled.**

HUMP Hair Pins

The only hair pins that can't fall out—that *"Lock the Locks"* and keep your hair beautifully dressed

HUMP Hair Pins are made in five sizes—a correct size for every need. Long, short, medium and two Invisibles. These five sizes meet every requirement, for every kind of hair and for all ways of dressing the hair. The most economical hair pin you can buy because **you don't lose them.**

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

Insist on HUMP Hair Pins. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 10c postage for our Complete Assortment Package, or send 15c for two packages—the 10c Assortment and the 5c Invisible Packet for your pocket-book. Ask your dealer or write us—today.

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A million hair pins a day —*lost on the way*

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THE WOMEN OF WALL STREET

By B. C. FORBES

Brainy women are blazing new and profitable trails in the financial world. And why shouldn't there be women financiers, women bankers, women managers of security departments?

Half of the Pennsylvania Railroad's 100,000 stockholders are women, the percentage in the case of the New Haven is even larger, and the same thing applies to many industrial stocks.

THE highest paid woman in the world work in Wall Street.

Brainy women are blazing new and very profitable trails in the financial world. Two or three have won positions as bank officers, a class of position formerly enjoyed exclusively by men. Several influential Stock Exchange firms have lately experimented with women as bond and stock saleswomen. Managerships of departments are also among the plums recently plucked from the financial employment tree.

The largest private secretarial salary in the financial world is drawn by a woman. The creation of the finest financial libraries in the country has been and is being achieved by women receiving several times the average salary paid Wall Street employees.

And why shouldn't there be women financiers, women bankers, women bond "salesmen," women managers of security departments? Is it not of official record that half of the Pennsylvania Railroad's 100,000 stockholders are women, that the percentage in the case of the New Haven is even larger, and that the same thing applies to seasoned industrial stocks like American Sugar Refining?

The science—and it has become a science—of filing the millions of documents, letters, statistics, etc., handled daily by the financial community has been evolved almost entirely by clever women, in most cases trained librarians. So efficient are women in this field that such houses and institutions as J. P. Morgan & Company, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the National City Bank, and the Guaranty Trust Company would not dream of intrusting the management of their libraries and files to men.

Women on the Stock Exchange?

WALL STREET offers more and better opportunities for earnest, educated, persevering young women than any other field. So far, no important financial firm has been established solely by women; but that, no doubt, will come in time. Now that the rustle of petticoats is to be heard on the floor of Congress, perhaps the day is not distant when Hetty Greens will invade the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, a floor never trod by women.

To obtain pointers for the thousands upon thousands of young women working in the financial district on how best to fit themselves for responsible, high-salaried posts, I interviewed half a dozen of Wall Street's most successful women workers.

Miss Annette L. Smiley of J. P. Morgan & Company, who has established more filing systems for great financial firms than any man or any other woman in America, feels that a service can be rendered by warning young girls against leaving school before it is absolutely necessary for them to do so. Many girls who could go through college regard such a course as unnecessary to equip them for business. Miss Smiley declares that few young women can hope to reach the more important places in the financial world unless they have the ground-work of a full education.

Miss Smiley has the reputation of being able to do as much work in one year as most people can do in five. When she entered the Morgan firm in 1914 the books and records of the firm and its individual partners were not systematized. She has corralled and coördinated every letter, record, pamphlet, periodical, and book in the place, and to-day J. P. Morgan & Company's library, while not among the largest, is recognized as among the best extant.

The rise of the City Bank of New York to first place among the country's national banks has been facilitated in no slight measure by Miss Florence Spencer, who is a walking financial encyclopedia, consulted more often than any officer in the bank. She is more familiar with what is going on in finance, in commerce, and in industry, here and abroad, than most men.

Graduating from the famous Armour Institute of Chicago, Miss Spencer's ability attracted notice, and ten years ago she was given charge of the library of New York's largest bank. By starting work early in the morning, she was able to look over every worth-while newspaper and periodical, clip from them every pertinent article or paragraph, digest the whole mass, and place on the president's desk every item calculated to interest him or the other officers, the whole classified and neatly attached to cardboard. She developed what the newspapers call "a nose for news," and became extremely expert in distinguishing the important from the unimportant, the useful from the useless—the wheat from the chaff.

How to "Learn the Ropes"

TO her such volumes as "Poor's Manual of Railroads," "Moody's Manual of Industrials," bound volumes of the *Financial Chronicle* from the year 1839, and similar tomes, became more fascinating than fiction. Her favorite authors were not Richard Harding Davis, Winston Churchill, or Robert W. Chambers, but John Stuart Mill, Adam Smith, Ricardo, and others of ancient days whose specialty was not light literature. Miss Spencer has become far more than a librarian. Not only does she know where to put her finger on every one of a million facts and figures, but she can analyze things; she can study cause and effect; she can draw logical deductions and make suggestions, often of the highest value, to the officials of the bank.

"What path or paths should young women enter in order to attain success in Wall Street?" I asked.

"First of all," said Miss Spencer, "aspirants should be naturally equipped with a keen and intelligent interest in current events and their relation to banking and finance. The best way to 'learn the ropes' is by apprenticeship in some firm or bank. Courage, energy, and keen discrimination are absolutely essential to success."

The woman who knows the greatest number of bankers in America is Miss Marian R. Glenn, who originated a unique plan to supply all kinds of information to the 16,000 members of the American Bankers' Association, with which she is connected. Miss Glenn started her nation-wide work with nothing but an idea, enthusiasm, and a pile of old magazines and pamphlets strewn on a floor. To-day, if any one of those 16,000 bankers wants the very latest facts or arguments about any subject short of astronomy, all he has to do is to telegraph or write, and off to him will go a "Package Library" covering the whole subject. Miss Glenn has scores of these mail-order libraries constantly traveling to and fro.

At a pinch, she even outlines speeches for members of the unaccustomed-as-I-am-to-public-speaking order of bankers. Her specialty is not ponderous volumes of ancient vintage, but an amazingly complete compilation of up-to-the-minute articles from newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, etc.

The story of how Miss Glenn found her job illustrates her originality, ingenuity, and pluck. After a library training in the Middle West—she hails from Kansas—she sustained an accident while horseback riding, and lost both health and position. When convalescing she took a telephone book, copied the names of concerns listed under "American," "Consolidated," "General," "National," "United," and other titles that sounded as if the enterprise might be large enough to need a trained librarian. Then she sent out letters of application. She did not get further than "American Bankers' Association" when she found a job exactly to her liking. To-day, six years later, her creative work is known wherever American banks hang shingles.

Miss Alice Carpenter, the suffrage leader, has been captured by Wall Street. She is now manager of a women's department in a prominent Stock Exchange firm, and has livened things up so much that competitors are worried. She made her first sale after only two weeks' experience, and now she can hold her own with the best of the male gender. Several other investment houses are breaking in women to undertake selling cam-

paigns. The possibilities in this sphere are unlimited.

Perhaps the most famous reports on the condition of the American cotton crop are those compiled by Miss Giles. Outside of the official computations issued by the United States Government, "Miss Giles's Crop Reports" are quoted more widely than those of any other expert. There is not much room, however, for other women in this particular line of activity.

From stenographer to bank cashier is the record of Miss Lillian Jones of the Bank of Cuba in New York. Unlike some of the other women celebrities, Miss Jones is not a suffragist.

"I don't spend my evenings in women's clubs or talking on street corners," Miss Jones admitted. "I work because I have to earn a living. That's all."

Miss S. Eugenia Wallace began her library training as a copyist at Columbia University. From this humble start she went through the library's various departments, and then resolved to invade the financial district. She is now at the head of a department employing thirty men and women in the Guaranty Trust Company, the largest in the country.

Class in Finance for Women

MISS WALLACE is looked upon as a leader in women's progressive movements, and has formed clear-cut ideas of the status and opportunities for women engaged in financial work. Incidentally, to receive a training under Miss Wallace is accounted a valuable asset; her graduates are in keen demand.

"Not enough is expected of women; that's why so few of them have done anything really worth while down here," Miss Wallace impressed upon me. "Office-boys are expected to progress; but it is thought all right for girls to remain indefinitely without advancement. Before engaging a young woman I once called up a leading insurance official and asked him if the girl had any initiative. 'Why, we never expect any initiative in girls,' he replied. 'We simply provide nice, comfortable nests for them until they are married off.' When more is expected of women, more will be forthcoming."

College graduates form the majority of Miss Wallace's assistants. To teach them the rudiments of banking, a class is held every week, when talks are given by officers of the institution. Then the girls have the privilege of asking questions. Miss Wallace herself conducts at Columbia University an evening continuation course in indexing, filing, and library work as applied to business.

"There is a great future for educated, ambitious girls in the larger financial institutions," says Miss Wallace. "In our purchase and sales record department there is a woman who has not made a single mistake since she came here—she is a phenomenon. She was trained in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"The qualities that women most need to cultivate to win success begin with the letter c—courage, confidence, and conscience. I mean, of course, that higher conscience that will not be content to do or achieve less than the *very highest* of which one is capable. A woman who lacks the courage to grasp opportunity, or the confidence to shoulder a big responsibility, is robbing her employer of her finest efforts and herself of the development that can come only as a result of constant growth."

Miss Beatrice Elizabeth Carr, who has graduated from the position of librarian to that of "unofficial partner" of a well known investment firm, attributes her success to hard work and incessant watchfulness against inaccuracy. "Lack of thoroughness," she declared, "is perhaps the most common defect and the most fatal one of the majority of the younger girls who come into Wall Street offices. Given a good education, a girl possessing a reasonable amount of common sense, a capacity for hard work, and an abhorrence of slipshod methods, can hope to make more or less of a mark."

How Business Women Should Dress

THE employment director of a financial organization that employs several hundred women recently explained to me that some of the girls come to work in dresses more appropriate for a ball-room than an office. He pointed to one or two who happened to pass. They were arrayed in very fluffy-ruffles finery, low at the neck and high at the ankles, and the ruddy glow on their cheeks may or may not have come from inside the skin.

"See that; isn't that awful?" he protested. "I am trying to devise some method whereby a few of the more sensible girls will take the lead in instituting reforms in this matter of dressing for business."

Miss Carr puts "dress well and suitably" among the first of her injunctions to those who seek her advice. The girl in business must be careful not to wear clothes that distract attention. Other maxims indorsed by Miss Carr include Cultivate personality, develop tact, have self-confidence, show infinite patience, acquire adaptability—and possess a sense of humor.

In the day coming when we are to have women bank presidents, trust company presidents, and heads of private banking firms? The late Hetty Green was the only American woman to distinguish herself signally as a banker and financier, although Mrs. Finley J. Shepard and Mrs. E. H. Harriman are known to possess a vast knowledge of railroad affairs and railroad finances.

A number of the leading capitalists of the country have found women secretaries more dependable and more efficient than men. H. H. Rogers was understood to have paid his secretary, Miss Kate Harrison, $10,000 a year. Miss Katharine Bredin, private secretary to James Stillman, chairman of the National City Bank, is reputed to receive the maximum salary of any woman secretary in New York. Henry C. Frick, perhaps the third richest man in America and one of its most notable industrial figures, has a woman secretary. So had the late president of the Standard Oil Company, John D. Archbold. Jacob H. Schiff, senior member of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, curiously enough, has never had a private secretary, either man or woman; he prefers to look after things for himself. The ubiquitous, eternally active George W. Perkins has had the same woman secretary for more than twenty years; she is the only person he has found able to get through work fast enough to suit his lightning pace.

Let me emphasize one point: the young woman who has learned—really learned—one or more foreign languages has an asset that will raise her above mediocrity at the very start of her professional career. Now that this country is doing more than $7,500,000,000 of foreign trade a year, covering every corner of the earth, there is a keen demand for stenographers, clerks, secretaries, etc., able to speak and write alien languages, notably Spanish, German, and French.

Scratch-Cat

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrations by William van Dresser

WELL, Mamie Little was my girl because she had nice curls; and my sister was Eddie's girl, and he thought it was all right, because he didn't know any better; but she made me sick. She thinks she's too smart, but she's all freckledy and snubby nosed.

Whenever me and Mamie and Eddie and my sister played house, or anything, my sister would twist her hair up on top of her head and tell Eddie he was her husband. Whenever she would run or jump, she would take Eddie's hand and hold it against her side and say: "Oh, Eddie! just see how my heart is beating!" I guess it made Eddie feel pretty sick and foolish, having his hand held up against her side like that.

But that's the way my sister was. She made me sick, and I told her so. I've told her a million times, but it don't do any good.

So most of the fellows had girls. But you bet Ting didn't! He was too good a fighter. Nobody dared holler at him.

The way fellows come to have girls is like this. First they don't have any, and then some fellow that can lick them yells at them:

"Georgie! Georgie! Georgie!
Mamie Little's *your* girl!"

Or something like that. But she ain't. So you yell back:

"Aw! shut up! she ain't, neither!"

So whoever the fellow is yells back at you:

"She is tiether! She is tiether!

"Georgie porgie, puddin' an' pie,
Kiss Mamie Little and make her cry!
Georgie porgie, puddin' an' pie,
Kiss Mamie Little and make her cry!"

So then, if you are big enough, you go over and lick the fellow, unless he is a girl. But if you ain't big enough you get so mad you blubber, and you go across the street and try to lick him anyway. Because Mamie Little ain't your girl, and you know she ain't. So when you've licked him, and proved she ain't your girl, why, then she is your girl. You don't know how she got to be, but she is. So all you can do is to feel pretty mean and cheap, because that's how a fellow always feels when anybody is his girl.

But girls don't feel that way when they have fellows. Right away they begin to wiggle their skirts when they walk, and want their mothers to curl their hair every day and put fresh blue hair-bows on them. So then they start right in saying how they hate the fellow that's their fellow; but they take slate pencils and apples and things from him when he gives them on the sly, and they begin writing notes to him in school, like "Don't you think you're smart with your new necktie?" and things like that. So he feels pretty good after all, and gives her apples when nobody is looking, and pushes her around mean-like when anybody does look.

But she don't mind being pushed around, because that's how she knows he is her fellow. So when there is a party she's the one he drops the pillow before, and if she don't kiss him it is all right for her! But mostly she does. She lets on she hates it, but she don't. She likes it.

WELL, one reason Ting didn't have a girl was because he was such a good fighter nobody dared yell at him. I guess the other reason was that nobody ever thought of yelling at him that anybody was his girl. He never sort of walked on the edge of the sidewalk when the girls were walking in the middle of it, or put up funny to make them look.

As soon as school was out he began clod-fighting with the graveyard gang, or made a bee-line for the baseball lots or got up a good fight. It was boys he liked to push around, and not girls. Maybe one reason he didn't have a girl was because his father and mother were Dutchmen, so the girls didn't want a Dutchy for a fellow, because most of the Dutchmen worked in the sawmill. But Ting's father didn't. He was a tailor. Only his name was Schwartz, so maybe that was the reason. Girls don't like to have fellows yell at them: "Aw! you got a Dutchman for a fellow!" because when anybody sees a Dutchman they yell:

"Dutchy! Dutchy! Sauerkraut!
Your shirt-tail's a-stickin' out!"

Well, one vacation time there was a new girl came to Riverbank. She lived in the little house across Main Street that has a picket fence and a yard that runs mostly down the bank, and the first I knew about her was one day when I had to go downtown on an errand and went that way.

I had on some new shoes, so I knew everybody in town would see them and be thinking about them, and I felt pretty mean; and when I went by the little house the girl was behind the picket fence, looking. So I made a face at her, because it was none of her business if I did have new shoes.

It was summer of course, and hot; but the girl had on a woolen dress—red and black checks—and it fitted her pretty tight all over and was too short and little, so that it was tight like skin, and her wrists stuck out too far. She was barefoot, too. That was funny, because girls don't go barefoot.

I was going to yell something at her, but I didn't, because it was just as funny for a boy to have shoes on, and she might yell back. She didn't know that the reason I had shoes on was that company was coming to dinner.

So I only made a face at her. But she didn't make one look at me. She just looked.

She wasn't like any girl in Riverbank that I ever saw. She was pretty much tanned brown, but she had reddish cheeks, and her hair was as black as Sunday shoes and cut short, like a boy's, only it was longest in front, and her bangs were so long they came down to her eyebrows, and they were black too. She stood behind the picket fence and just looked, and I didn't like it. Her eyes were black, too.

So I whistled and looked the other way,

ARISTIDES, a Grecian gentleman now deceased, is said to have grown very tired of being always called "the just." In like manner, Ellis Parker Butler doubtless grows a-weary of being referred to as the author of "Pigs is Pigs." He is the author of it just the same; and of this story also; and of several others equally good, which will help to gladden our year. Incidentally, he is the only known humorist who is a director and vice-president of a national bank.

and the first thing I knew she was out of the gate and after me. I tried to run, but she cornered me and took me by the hair and jerked me back and forth. I thought she was going to jerk my head off. So I pulled loose and ran, because no girl can jerk me around by the hair like that. So all she got for her smarty business was just a handful of hair or two. And who cares for a handful of hair?

Well, you bet I got even with her, all right! I never went past her house alone after that.

So that's the way she was. She stayed in her yard, and when a boy came along she would jump out and grab him by the hair, or slap him, and chase him away from in front of her house. She was a tartar, all right. She was like a spider that is always waiting and comes out and grabs flies; only what she grabbed wasn't flies—it was boys. So we all got afraid of her, and we didn't dast go past her house unless we were two or three together. And then we generally went round some other way. Except Ting.

Because one day Ting he went past her house, and she come out and was going to pull his hair, like she did the rest of us; and when she came at him he backed up against the fence, and when she reached out for his hair he hit her hand away with one hand and slapped her on the face good and plenty. He slapped her two or three times and dared her to touch him. So she didn't say anything, and Ting didn't say anything, and they just stood there. And pretty soon Ting went on downtown. So she just stood there.

WELL, me and Eddie had to play with girls sometimes, because Mamie Little was my girl and my sister was Eddie's girl. Or maybe we did like to play with girls a little sometimes, because they let us be the husbands and fathers, and boss them around and whip the children. So when we did Ting used to come along. Mostly he would sit and whittle until me and Eddie got through, but sometimes he would be the policeman to arrest the husbands when they got drunk, or a pirate, or an Indian lurking to scalp the wives, or a 'rangatang to carry the children off.

I guess the girls wished he wouldn't come, because a 'rangatang is such an interruption to plain housekeeping, and pirates and policemen are an awful nuisance to mothers who want to bring up a peaceful family and don't want their husbands taken to jail just when the mud pies are cooked and dinner is ready. But they couldn't help it, because if they didn't let him me and Eddie would go where Ting went.

Well, one time when Miss Goosey kept Ting in school to have the principal lick him, she went out to get the principal and locked Ting in the room, and he climbed out of the window onto a maple tree branch and got away. So the principal licked him the next day. Anyway, the trees darkened the room all up, so when it came vacation time the janitor cut down the two trees and they fell down the bank back of the schoolhouse.

SO that day the leaves were only beginning to wither, and the branches of the trees made a bully place to play in. So Mamie Little and my sister and me and Eddie went right out there after dinner and played house; and when Ting had been licked, or whatever he had been kept home for, he came there too. We made houses among the branches and leaves, and were fathers and mothers; and Ting had a lair and was a 'rangatang, and hung by his knees and swung from branch to branch.

It was pretty good fun, even if it was playing with girls, because it was a jungle,

"So that's the way she was. When a boy came along, she would jump out and grab him by the hair and chase him away from in front of her house."

and me and Eddie hunted the wild 'rangatang between meals; and we were playing along all right when I saw my sister standing and looking. I guess you know how a girl stands and looks—the way a cow does—when she don't like something. So I looked, and out in the street was the girl in the red and black check woolen dress. She was just standing and looking back at my sister. It made my sister mighty mad. I guess girls can look the things boys generally holler at each other. So my sister said:

"Eddie, I don't want that girl to look at me!"

So Eddie looked, and when he saw who was looking he said:

"Aw! let her look! Let her look, if she wants to. She ain't hurting anybody!"

So then my sister got awful mad. She stamped her foot.

"I won't let her look at me that way."

So she started on a run for the girl. She didn't get quite up to her. Before she got quite to her, the girl sort of flashed up to my sister. That was about all I could see. The next I saw, she was standing just where she had always been, and my sister was flopped down on the ground with her arms over her head, yelling blood and murder. So I jumped out of the tree and run up to my sister. Her face was all scratched up. There were four long scratches on each side of her face where the girl had raked her with her claws. So Mamie Little came running too, and helped my sister up.

"If I was a boy," she said, "I wouldn't let anybody do that to my sister unless I was a 'fraid-cat."

"Aw! who's a 'fraid-cat?" I said. I wasn't no more 'fraid-cat than she was, but I guess I knew that got.

So Mamie Little took my sister by the arm.

"Come on," she said. "I guess everybody around here is a 'fraid-cat. You and me will be mad at them and stay mad for ever and ever!"

So I had to go. I wasn't going to hit the girl. I just thought I'd sort of push her away—only maybe a little rough—until I pushed her inside her gate, so I could show a smarty like Mamie Little who was a 'fraid-cat and who wasn't. I walked over to where the girl was, and she waited for me. All I had time to see was the girl's eyes turning to something like prickly black fire, and something plumped against me like a bag of flour shot out of a sling. It was as if her body hit against me everywhere at once. And then something grabbed my hair and yanked me, and I felt scratches burning on my face, and, scissshow, I was on the ground, yelling and holding my arms above my head. The girl was standing where she had always been. I heard Mamie Little and my sister yelling:

"Scratch-cat! Scratch-cat!"

Ting came on the run. He was pretty mad, because him and me was chums, and I was his cow-cousin and his double Dutch pards, and he run right past me and up to the girl. He gave her a push with his hand, and it sort of pushed her around; but she straightened up again and just looked at him.

"You scratch-cat!" he said, as mean as he knew how. "Who are you scratching around here, I'd like to know?"

I thought she'd jump on him and claw him, like she did me; but she didn't.

"I ain't going to hurt you," she said.

"You bet you ain't!" Ting said. "'Cause why? 'Cause you darsen't, that's why!" Only he said, "'Curs why?" like he always does.

She didn't say she did dare, and she didn't say she didn't dare. She said:

"Come over in my yard and play with me. Don't you play with them. I can play good."

So Ting pushed her again, and she stepped back a step.

"Don't you play with girls!" she said. "You come and play with me."

"Aw! you're a girl too," Ting said. "Go awan home and play with yourself."

So he gave her another push. She looked as if she hadn't ever thought that she was a girl before. She said:

"I can beat you running. I can beat you jumping. I can beat you climbing trees. I can beat you skinning the cat. I can chin myself ten times more than you can. I can stand on my head longer than you can."

"Go awan home!" Ting said, and gave her another shove.

She stepped back again.

"Come on and play in my yard," she said again. "I can throw you any hold you want. I can fight you and lick you."

"Because you're a scratch-cat," Ting said, and pushed her again.

"I can lick you without scratching," the girl said.

"Well, then, do it!" said Ting. "Go on and do it, why don't you? I want to see you do it!"

So each time he said it he gave her a push.

"I won't!" she said. "I ain't going to fight you."

"You daresn't!"

"I ain't going to!"

"You don't dare!"

"I ain't going to!"

So every time Ting said anything he shoved her again, and pretty soon he had her pushed clear back against the fence of her yard, and he left her there and came back. We went on playing. But every once in a while we thought of her, and when we looked she was standing just where Ting had left her.

Well, we found out her name was Dell Brown, because my father went to speak to her father about the way she scratched my sister. Her father's name was Reverend Brown; but he had adopted her because her folks died, and she was a sore trial, but no doubt willed by the Almighty. The Reverend Brown was a sort of preacher, and had an old white horse and drove around the country and preached wherever he thought they needed preaching. Mrs. Brown was a sort of invalid and old, like Reverend Brown was, and he was almost too old to adopt Dell Brown for his daughter. He had ought to have adopted her for his granddaughter when he was adopting.

So he said he would pray about it, and Mrs. Brown said she couldn't understand Dell Brown, hardly, why she had the fighting streak in her, because at home she was all love and affection to Mrs. Brown, and a word made the child weep. I guess Dell Brown had just so much fight in her and had to get it fought out. I guess she thought it was better to go out and fight than to fight Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Maybe she was sort of fond of them because they were funny and old and had adopted her. I guess she was like George Washington: she was good and nice, but she liked to fight.

Well, after while school started again. I kind of hated to go, because I always hate to, but more because I thought Dell Brown would go to school. So she did, and the first time she got me alone she took me by the hair and walloped me good. I hadn't done nothing to her, except maybe yell "Scratch-cat!" at her sometimes when I was far enough away. So after that I didn't go to school very early, but kind of hung around until Dell Brown went in, and then I went in. I never told on her. If she says I did she tells what ain't so. It was Muddy Harrington.

ME and Ting was kept in that day, like we 'most always were, and Eddie was waiting outside. So Miss Goosey thought it wasn't any use talking to Dell Brown any more; it was time to rawhide her. She got the rawhide out of the closet, and told Dell Brown to come to the back of the room, and Dell Brown went. Miss Goosey put one hand on Dell Brown's shoulder, and lifted up the whip to switch her across the legs, and the next thing she did was to let out a scream, and you couldn't have believed her dress could be torn so in just a second if you hadn't seen it. Her hands were beginning to get red in streaks where Dell Brown had scratched them. So Dell Brown just threw Miss Goosey's hair switch on a desk, and stood there with her chest swelling in and out under her red and black checked dress, and Miss Goosey backed away and began winding her switch on her head again.

When Miss Goosey got her hair on, she went out and locked the door and got Professor Marston, the principal, who is her beau. He came in, and he was pretty mad. He grabbed Dell Brown and gave her a shake, and she flew at him like a cat and scratched him across the face. He slung her around, and she hit a desk and fell on the floor. It made her cry; and Professor Marston was scared of what he had done and went to pick her up. But when he stooped she clawed at him and scratched his other cheek, and he left her alone and told her to get up and go home, because she was expelled from school.

So Dell Brown got up, and held her hand to her side, and went and got her books and went home. But there was only one rib broke, and I guess it healed all right, because she was young and tough. But nobody whipped any more girls in school. I guess they thought it was safer to whip boys. They are more used to it, and their ribs ain't so brittle. Or maybe the school board stopped it. Professor Marston got fired because he had broke a rib for Scratch-cat, and he went to Derbingport and got five hundred dollars more a year and another sweet-

heart, because Miss Goosey cried a lot that term.

Well, of course the expelling didn't take, and Dell Brown came back. She didn't fight much, because her rib was brittle yet; but she was mad at Miss Goosey, and Miss Goosey was mad at her because Professor Marston had had to go away and love somebody else. She never talked to Dell Brown like she did to the other girls, or let her be monitor or anything. She would say: "Mamie dear, can you tell me the answer?" and then she would say to Dell Brown: "Next girl!" I guess she hated her.

ONE day Miss Goosey was walking down the aisle, and she had some flowers pinned on, and one dropped in the aisle, and Dell Brown picked it up and put it in a book. She used to open the book there and look at the flower. She used to sit and look at Miss Goosey, and you couldn't tell whether she was mad at her or not, because her face was so dark and her eyes so black. But I guess she wasn't mad. I guess she wanted Miss Goosey to like her, but didn't know how to make her.

None of the girls played with Dell Brown, because she was a scratch-cat; and none of the boys played with her, because they were afraid of her. As soon as school was out she would go home and play in her own yard. I guess she was pretty lonely.

Well, it got along until it was the third end of September and going on October, and the weather was bully and warm. It made you want to do things. So on Saturday me and Ting and Eddie was sitting in my barn and talking about what we would do that afternoon. We thought of a lot of things, and said them; but every time Ting said: "Aw! no, let's don't!" so we didn't. So then I said:

"I tell you what!"

"What?" Ting asked.

"Pshaw, no!" I said. "It ain't no use. We couldn't get any. It ain't the time for them!"

"Aw! what you talkin' about?" Ting asked. "What ain't it the time for?"

"Pond-lilies," I said. "If it was time for pond-lilies we could go up the river to the pond-lily pond and get some pond-lilies."

So then Ting he talked up.

"Well, we could row up the river anyway, couldn't we?" he said—only he said "rowe" instead of "row," like he always does. "We could rowe up the river and get some pond-lily roots and sell them."

"Aw! who would buy old pond-lily roots?" Eddie wanted to know.

Well, I thought at first that the reason Ting said we could sell pond-lily roots was because once I had told him about a man or somebody who had made money getting pond-lily roots and selling them to people who wanted to raise pond-lilies in a tub in their gardens. But that wasn't why he said it.

"Why, garsh! plenty of people would want to buy them," Ting said. "I guess I ought to know. I guess I've got an uncle in Derlingport, ain't I? I guess he ought to know about pond-lily roots, oughtn't he?"

It looked like that ought to be so, because Derlingport is three times as big as Riverbank, and Ting's uncle was older than any of us. But Eddie said:

"Aw! what does your old uncle know about pond-lily roots, anyway?"

"I guess he knows plenty about them," Ting said. "I guess if you went up to Derlingport to visit him you'd see whether he knows anything about them or not! I bet my uncle is the richest man in Derlingport, and the reason he is is because once, when I was out pond-lilying, I sent him a pond-lily root and he grew it in a tub, and when folks saw it they wanted to grow some too. So my uncle he rowed up the river to a pond-lily pond, and he got some roots and sold them. First off he only got a few and sold them; but pretty soon he had a hundred men getting pond-lily roots for him, and he had to build a pond-lily root elevator, like the grain elevator down on the levee, but ten times bigger."

"One time Miss Goosey kept Ting in, and locked him in the room, and Ting climbed out of the window and down the maple tree."

"Gee-ny-nentily!" said Eddie. "Ten times bigger! Gosh!"

"Ho, that ain't nothing!" Ting said. "That was when he was just beginning to start out. He's got ten of them elevators now, and—and he's got almost ten trillion-billion pond-lily roots in them. He's got a railway switch and a steamboat dock to each elevator, and when he ships pond-lily roots he ships them by the trainload. Only, when he sells them in Dubuque or Keokuk, he ships them by the boatload."

"Gee-ny-nentily!" said Eddie again. "Come on! Let's—"

"Well, I guess so!" said Ting. "I guess it's no wonder he's the richest man in Derlingport! And I can just go and visit him any time I want to. I can go visit him and take a bath right in his china bath-tub."

"Aw! go on!" I said. "He ain't got a china bath-tub!"

"Yes, sir! just like a tea-cup."

"Gosh!" Eddie said. "Did you take a bath in it?"

"Garsh, no!" said Ting. "Do you think I'd go taking bath-tub baths when I didn't have to? When I visit him my uncle lets me do just what I want to. I don't have to wash my feet, or take a bath, or go for a cow, or fetch in wood—"

"Who fetches in the wood?" Eddie asked.

"Nobody," Ting said. "My uncle don't burn sawmill slabs or sawed wood. He burns coal."

"Well, somebody has to fetch in the coal, don't he?" I wanted to know.

"Well, I guess not!" said Ting. "He—he has a—a bridge built right over the top of his house, so he can run a railroad over it, and he has a big iron box on top of his house under the bridge, and the railroad hawels the cars of coal right up on top of the roof and dumps the coal into the iron box, and it runs down the chimbleys right into the stove."

Well, me and Eddie didn't say nothing. We just sat there and thought what we thought.

"And he's got a road sawped out under his house for a railroad to run on," Ting said, "and there is always a train of cars under the house, and when my uncle, or anybody, shakes the grate the ashes fall right down an iron pipe into the cars."

"Come on!" I said. "Come on! Let's go somewhere."

So Ting looked at me; but I hadn't said he was a liar or anything, so there was nothing to fight about. If I had wanted to I could have said I had an uncle somewhere that didn't bother with dirty old coal and ashes at all, but had his own natural gas well and used natural gas; but my nose was sore yet from the last time Ting had pushed it into my face, so I didn't say it.

WE went down to the boat-house and hired a skiff and rowed up the river to the pond-lily pond. The river was pretty low and it was muddy on the bank of the river—over knee-deep in mud. Ting got out over the bow of the skiff to pull it up on the mud, so the wash from any steamboat wouldn't send it adrift, and he went in over the knees of his pants, so we thought we had better undress in the skiff, and we did. It felt bully to be undressed outdoors again.

I guess you know how the lily-pond is. On one side is the railroad and on the other side is the river; but between the pond and the river is narrow sand, with willows on it—bush willows. It makes a bank all around the lower end of the pond-lily pond and ends at the railroad. So me and Eddie and Ting talked it over, and thought we'd better not leave our clothes in the skiff, because somebody might steal them. First we thought we'd hide them in the willows, and then we thought we'd carry them around by the mud spit to the railroad, because the pond-lily roots were over by the railroad more. So we did. We walked around to the railroad and left our clothes there, and waded in. Ting went first.

It was pretty tough. You went into the mud pretty deep, and there were plants that had scratchels on them, and the lily plants and arrow-leaf plants were so thick you could hardly wade. They were all around the shore for two or three rods, and you couldn't see over them. They rustled like corn when we pushed through them. But we knew there was a big clear place in the middle of the pond, so we waded on out to it. It was the place where I learned to swim. It wasn't over head anywhere.

Well, Ting came to the open place first, and he stopped and said:

"There's somebody out there."

Me and Eddie peeked, and there was. Right off we saw who it was—it was Scratch-cat. She was in where the water was under-arm deep, and she was sort of crying, she was so mad. Then we saw what she was trying to do—she was trying to learn herself to swim. It was enough to make anybody laugh.

It looked like she had been at it a long time, for she was so cold she was shivering. We were near enough to her to see that the black spot on her arm was a mole and not a leaf or a vaccination, and we could see her shiver as plain as could be. The way she was learning herself to swim was this: she put her hands out in front of her and sort of jumped off her feet and then kicked and pounded the water and went down under. I guess you know how that feels. You can't get your head above water when you are that deep unless you stand up; so you paw in the mud, and get scared because you can't get to your feet. Dell Brown would come up scared to death, and spit and blow, and sort of cry, and shiver, and then she would do it all again.

I GUESS it was pretty tough. Every time she went down she must have got scratched up by the weeds with scratchels on them—some kind of smartweed—and she was scared and chilly. It was mighty funny. I guess I laughed out aloud.

Anyway, all at once she saw Ting and us. She ducked like a shot, until only her head was out of water, and me and Eddie laughed. But Ting didn't. He pushed me and Eddie back and said:

"Hey! Scratch-cat! Wait; I'll show you how to swim." Only, he said "I'll showr you how to swim," the way he always says "show."

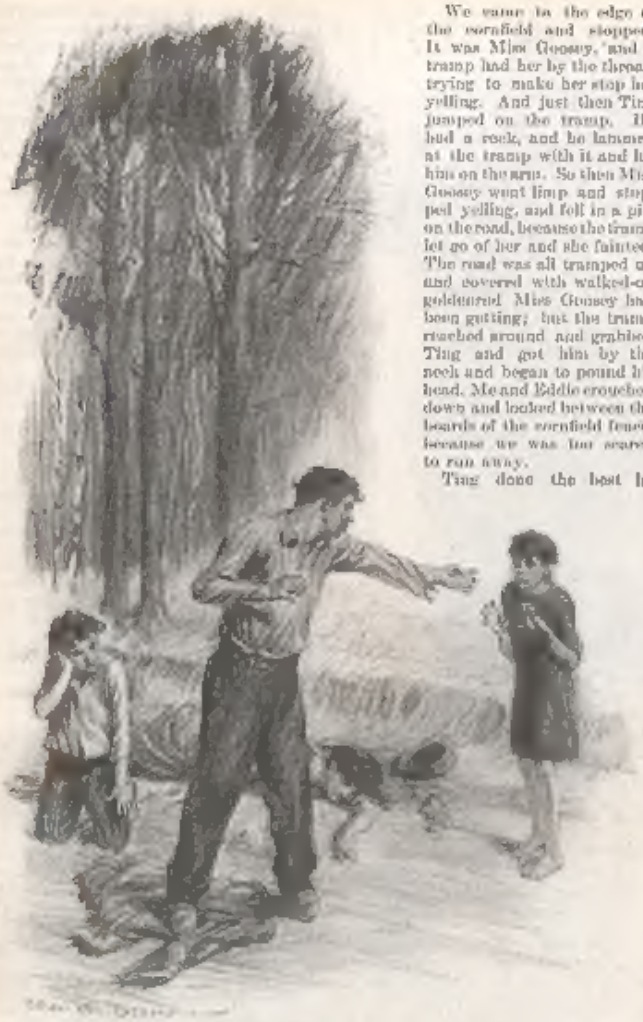
So he slid his hands out on the water and turned on his side and swam towards where she was. He didn't mean nothing. All he meant was to show her how to swim, because she would never learn the way she was trying. But Scratch-cat turned and held her arms straight out in front of her and hurried for the shore, pushing the weeds away with her hands.

Ting kept telling her to wait, and once he came up to her, and she turned and hammered him with her fists, crazy mad, and he let her go on. The weeds must have scratched her pretty bad, ripping through them that way; but she got to the railway bank and began putting her clothes on fast. So Ting said:

"Garsh! I bet she gets our clothes and hides them or something!"

So me and Eddie and Ting hurried to where our clothes were and dressed. We got most of our duds on and were putting on the rest, when we heard somebody yelling. It was a woman, and she was over on the river road, across a cornfield from where we were, and she was yelling like she was being murdered. I was mighty scared. All I thought of was that whoever was murdering her would murder her and then come over and murder us.

I guess Eddie thought the same thing, for he got white and started to run down the railway bank toward our skiff. So I started after him. But Ting he started to run the other way, down the bank to the cornfield, towards where the woman was screaming. He rolled under the barbwire fence and started down between the corn rows as hard as he could go. Me and Eddie stopped and looked, and then we went after him, only slower. When we got deep into the corn we got more scared. We didn't like to be so far from where Ting was, with a woman screaming like that and being murdered. So I hurried up, and Eddie came along, blubbering. I told him to shut up.



"The tramp grabbed for Scratch-cat, but she wasn't where he grabbed. She was standing away, with her hands clawed, ready to jump again."

We came to the edge of the cornfield and stopped. It was Miss Goosey, and a tramp had her by the throat, trying to make her stop her yelling. And just then Ting jumped on the tramp. He had a rock, and he hammered at the tramp with it and hit him on the arm. So then Miss Goosey went limp and stopped yelling, and fell in a pile on the road, because the tramp let go of her and she fainted. The road was all trampled up and covered with walked-on goldenrod. Miss Goosey had been gutting; but the tramp reached around and grabbed Ting and got him by the neck and began to pound his head. Me and Eddie crouched down and looked between the boards of the cornfield fence, because we was too scared to run away.

Ting done the best he could, but it wasn't much use. He was getting killed, I guess. But all at once Scratch-cat came a-sailing out of the cornfield and lit on the tramp with both hands.

When her eight claws came raking down his face he let loose of Ting and grabbed for Scratch-cat; but she wasn't where he grabbed. She was standing away, with her hands clawed and her head sort of pointed at him, ready to jump again. So Ting picked up the rock and slung it, and caught him in the back of the neck. He hollered like a bull and turned, and Scratch-cat went at him and raked him on the side of his face. He hammered at her, and I guess he caught her on her brittle rib, because she hollered.

SHE didn't care what happened, I guess, when he hit her brittle rib, so she went right at him, and Ting made a dive for his legs and got a hold on them. The tramp fought good and hard. He went down, but he kept on fighting; and Ting hollered for me to get a rock and whack the tramp on the head with it. Maybe I would have. I don't know. Just then a top buggy came around the bend of the road, and the tramp showed all he was worth and beat off Ting and Scratch-cat and cut into the woods. We heard him cracking the brush as he scooted, and that was all we knew about him.

Well, the man in the top buggy was Professor Marston, and it wasn't so funny he was in it, because he had wrote Miss Goosey he was coming down and she had gone to meet him. I guess his other sweetheart had got sick of him or something. So he got out and picked up Miss Goosey and fetched her to, and Ting told him what had happened. He said he was much obliged, or something like that, and then he went to where Scratch-cat was sitting on the side of the road, with her hand where her brittle rib had busted. So Ting went over there too.

"Gorsh! I'd of been killed if you hadn't come!" he said. But she stood up and looked at him.

"What'd you come swimming at me when I was naked for?" she said, and she was as mad as hops. I guess her rib hurt her and made her sort of crazy mad, and Ting was the first one that came near her, so she picked on him. "Why'd you dare?" she screeched at him. "I'll show you not to!"—or something like that.

So she went for him. She didn't scratch, either; she used her fists. She fought like crazy, and got her leg back of his, and threw him and piled on top of him. He had to fight as hard as he knew how to, and it was all right, because she wasn't a girl—she was something crazy mad. It was a quick fight and a good one, and then Professor Marston grabbed Scratch-cat by the shoulder and pulled her off Ting; but that didn't matter, because the fight was over anyhow. Ting had said: "Enough! I won't do it again!"

Well, as soon as Professor Marston had stood Scratch-cat up, she turned white and fell down. She had fainted. It was a good deal of a mess-up. Miss Goosey had got hysterical, and was laughing and crying so she couldn't put her hair switch on her head, and Scratch-cat was stretched out fainted, and I guess Professor Marston was never so busy in his life before. He sent me and Ting over to the pond-lily pond for a hatful of water, and while we were gone he hugged Miss Goosey until she wasn't hysterical, because I guess that was what she needed to cure her, and then he soused Scratch-cat with the water and she came around all right. So he took Miss Goosey and Scratch-cat back to town in the top buggy, and me and Ting and Eddie went back to our skiff and rowed home.

TING was pretty quiet. I guess he thought Professor Marston and Miss Goosey would tell all over town how he had been licked by a girl; but he told me and Eddie he would kill us if we told it, so we didn't. But neither did Professor Marston or Miss Goosey. The reason was that Scratch-cat told them not to tell she had been fighting. Miss Goosey told Ting so.

I guess that's all. After a while Scratch-cat's brittle rib healed up again and she didn't have to stay in bed, and I was going downtown on an errand past her house, and I saw Ting in her yard. They were playing mumblesly-peg. So after that she played with me and Eddie and Ting, and pretty soon with Mamie Little and my sister and the other girls, and she was almost the one they liked best.

So one day Ting said to me and Eddie:

"Don't you darest yell at me that Scratch-cat is my girl!"

"Aw! I never yelled it!" I said.

"You better not!" he said. "I dare you to!"

So then I knew she was.

Can I Improve My Selling Approach?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

JOHN was a salesman, and his line duplicating records, like the sales slips that your grocer and butcher use. He was constantly calling on prospective customers. Being a conscientious young man with a strong belief that there was some best way to do everything, he paid much attention to his "approach." The approach is the salesman's introduction of himself and his proposition to the prospective customer. Duplicating records are rather complex on the surface, and require considerable explaining. John tried to put the substance of his story in a sentence or two, so a busy merchant would pay attention and grasp the point immediately. What he settled on was something like this:

"Mr. Blank: I am the special representative of the Duplicating Record Corporation in this district. I have come to see you because we believe our products will help you make more money. We have had a wide experience in adapting our systems to all kinds of business."

Sometimes this worked well, and again it didn't. John often worried about his approach, and wondered if it was efficient, and had no chance to discuss it with older men. One day he met a salesman who gave him a new line of thought.

"The most successful approach I ever heard," said the latter, "was that of a big, genial stranger who came into the country newspaper office where I worked and said: 'I want to shake hands with the man who writes the bully editorials in this paper!' I was the man, and I was so proud and pleased that before I saw the last of that stranger he had sold me a lot of worthless mining stock.

"He started by talking about me and my proposition, and said nothing about himself until we were well acquainted. Most salesmen think too much about how they are going to get the other fellow to understand them, and very little about how they themselves can understand the other fellow. Think about your customer. Study his problems. Begin getting acquainted by asking him for information on the best ways to keep records, how he has overcome difficulties, and so forth. Let him have a chance to interest you, and there will be plenty of opportunities later to interest him."

Another salesman was equipped with a standard approach, all laid down for him in the company's sales manual, to be learned by heart. It was flawless in its logic. Questions were asked which the customer could answer in only one way, and when he had answered them all he was committed to the salesman's proposition.

"Mr. Blank, isn't it true that you want to stop all leaks in this business?" asked the salesman, and the customer had to say, "Yes." When the approach wound up with: "You are too good a business man to refuse to give a few moments of your time investigating what we have to offer—aren't you?" he had to admit that he was, and right there the net of logic closed around him.

But the fact that he was apparently being driven into the net would often lead to a revolt. So this salesman modified the standard approach by asking the customer to tell him just how good a business man he was. He encouraged him to talk about leaks in his business, how he had stopped them, what he would suggest to others confronted with the same difficulties. Given a chance, the customer painted a portrait of himself as an intelligent, open-minded business man. Naturally, he could not later refuse to consider better methods brought by the salesman. Anyway, he felt friendly toward this salesman, and thus the ends of logic were attained without arousing hostility.

There is a good deal of *talk* in salesmanship, and so all salesmen study ways of interesting, explaining, demonstrating.

But there is also a wide field in salesmanship for *listening*, and to be a good listener calls for even greater intelligence and study.

Men who buy must depend for information upon the men who sell. A department-store manager wants to install some motor-trucks to cut his delivery expenses. He can not know as much about motor-trucks as a salesman who sells them, because his work makes it necessary to study dozens of other details. Still, he can tell the motor-truck salesman something about how deliveries are linked to other departments of the business, and how they are affected by local conditions. If the salesman will listen, he can get information too—facts that he will find very useful in dealing with other customers.

The salesman thinks, in approaching a customer, "I've got only a few minutes to interest this man and win his confidence. What kind I better say to him?"

In many cases it would be better preparation for the sale to ask himself what he can learn as a listener.

"I am an investigator, and this man is an expert witness. What do I want him to tell me? How can I draw him out? How can I listen to the best advantage?"

This little change in viewpoint will often take all the hesitation, uncertainty, and awkwardness out of an approach, and make it natural, confident, effective, and mutually instructive to both salesman and customer.

This is the first of many short articles by James H. Collins, deliberately planned to build a fire under your imagination and put more money into your pocket. If you find these articles helpful, drop Mr. Collins a line at his office, 35 Madison Avenue, New York.

Showing Up Brick Hartley

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrations by F. Vaux Wilson

ONE of the chief points about livin' in a monthly-ticket burg like Rockhurst-on-the-Sound is that you can be just as private a private citizen as you want. We commuters, when we've paid our taxes and Yacht Club dues, figure we've indulged in about all the citizenship required, and let it go at that. Except once in a while. And say—

But maybe I'd better start with the other night. I'd had my reg'lar after-dinner rough-house with Master Sully, and was just talkin' a good-night peep at little sister swoozin' away in her crib, when Sadie, who's been openin' the nursery windows, reports a limousine stoppin' out front.

"Is it Pinckney or the Purdy-Pells?" says I.

"Neither," says she. "Three men are getting out, two in evening clothes. You'd better go down."

"I will," says I, "and ask that odd guy what he means. The nerve of him!"

But when I finds it's the Reverend Farnum, the new Episcopal rector, I lets it pass. With a vest that's sewed to him and a collar that buttons behind, he has some excuse for not changin'. You can expect a rector to blow in any time, too, but why the rest of the trio should be trailin' along is a puzzler.

One is Wally Phelps, who lives in the big near-Moorish house down on the Point; and the other is H. Trevor Peebles, who does the English country gentleman stunt at his place back up on the hills beyond the Country Club.

"Well, gentlemen," says I, wavin' 'em to take chairs around the livin'-room fireplace, "this is nice and neighborly of you."

The Reverend Farnum takes that as his speech cue. A chunky little gent, he is, with a round, boyish face, a premature sprinklin' of gray over his ears, and a smooth, gentle voice that he don't more'n half hate usin'.

"My dear Mr. McCabe," says he, "we are here on a civic duty rather than for social relaxation."

"Eh?" says I, gaspin'. "Somebody been accusin' me of keepin' pigs or not havin' my gutters shoveled?"

"Oh, not at all; nothing of the kind," says he. "But, preliminary to stating the major purpose of our errand, may we ask you, in all confidence, your precise attitude towards—er—ah—Brickett Hartley?"

"Who, Brink?" says I. "Why, I expect I feel a good deal the same about him as the rest of you do. He's a political highbinder, a strong-arm grafter, a blot on the 'scutcheon—all that sort of thing."

"Ah-h-h-h!" says the Reverend Farnum. "Quite so, quite so!"

"What then?" says I. "He's a dead one, ain't he?"

"We trust so," says the Reverend Farnum, almost like he was outdin' a prayer.

And then he proceeds to state item No. 2 on this program of civic duty. He wants to know if I'll take a place with them as directors on the County Sanatorium board.

"What, me?" says I. "What do I know about runnin' a T. B. hospital?"

Accordin' to the Reverend Farnum, that ain't the point. It was a case of removin' from the control of such a person as Brick Hartley this institution of which the county was justly proud. These two other eminent and highly respected citizens had agreed to serve. Would I join them in making a personal sacrifice for the public good?

"Oh, well," says I, "if you think I can be of any use."

The Reverend Farnum inhales another "Ah-h-h-h!" and adds:

"Then you accept? Good! It has been suggested that we put you in as chairman in place of Mr. Hartley. We are to meet this evening to organize. I trust you are at liberty. We will go down at once."

"Eh?" says I. "Goin' to do it just like that?"

I has to grin, too, as I gazes around at this little group of amateur steam-rollerites. For, all in a flash, I gets a light on this sudden popularity of mine. You won't follow me, though, unless you're posted on what happened here last election, and maybe, durin' the excitement of suttlin' whether it was to be Hughes or Wilson, you overlooked the fact that we had a little county campaign on the side. But we did.

It was one of them rare cases when the commuter bunch forgot about New York and remembered they was payin' taxes out here. That's what did it, sure. Brick Hartley and his gang had run the rate up a little too high.

So there was a Citizens' Committee organized, and by whoopin' things up six weeks in advance of the primaries they got 'most everybody registered. An illustrated pamphlet, "The High Cost of Brick," was the big card. It was got up by Henry Russell Adams—you know, the muck-rake specialist—and it sure was a hummer. Any tax-payer who could read that through and not see where he'd been frisked out of a lot of cash by Boss Hartley—well, he couldn't dodge it, that's all. I hear Brick only grunted when it got to him. But he'd hooked those foot reformers before.

"Listen wicked, don't they?" he told one of his henchmen. "But do you know what they'll be doin' election day? Playin' golf! Huh!"

Maybe they did, too. But they voted first—some of 'em for the first time in years. More'n that, they had plenty of watchers at the polls. I was one. And I expect it was a little disturbance I raised in my precinct that made me sort of conspicuous. All I objected to was when Brick's crowd started to throw out about a hundred of our votes.

IT was a smear, too. We plotted our whole ticket, includin' all the County Commissioners; and when it was over the Hartley machine looked like the ruins of a shingle-mill after a fire.

Ever since the first of the year, too, the Citizens' Committee had been pokin' around in the wreckage. Wherever they found an underground pipe leadin' to the Hartley headquarters, they yanked it up. His brother-in-law was fired out of his place as county engineer; his cousin, who'd been Road Commissioner, had the can tied to him. Even his wife's uncle, who was found drawin' down eight hundred a year as assistant janitor of the courthouse, got the run.

THE only hold they'd left Brick on anything like an office was this dinky chairmanship of the Sanatorium Board, which didn't even carry the privilege of chargin' up postage stamps. They'd have chunked him out of that if they could, but it's an appointment job, and his term had two years more to run, so the best they could do was to shove in a new chairman. And the one they picks to shoulder Brick Hartley out is me.

I could see where the Reverend Farnum might get nervous if it was left to him. He'd do it, of course, if he had to, but he'd get clammy-footed and dewy-browed durin' the process, and most likely wouldn't sleep all that night.

Nor I couldn't exactly see Wally Phelps standin' up to Brick Hartley. He's big enough, so far as beef goes. But he's a limpy, flabby, pasty-faced party. Wally is a dancin' man at forty—that sort. Bond broker, I understand—had the business left to him. One of the silent, blinkin' kind. The only idea I ever heard him throw out real emphatic was about the sort of dog he liked. "Give me an Airedale, every time," says he. "One-man dog. That's what I want. Ought to see my Tams III."

He's one of our solid citizens, though; owns half a mile of water-front and has two butlers. No more of a swell than H. Trevor Peebles. They're different types. H. Trevor is tall and skinny, well on in the fifties, with a long, thin nose, prominent cheek-bones, and curly gray hair. Used to be a great sport, they tell me; but he's settled enough now, with a third wife and grown children. One of these jumpy, restless giraks, always crossin' or uncrossin' his long legs sudden.

"'If that do you think this is you're just gin' over?' says I. 'A monologue?'"

Anyway, neither of 'em would relish walkin' up to Brick Hartley and tellin' him where he got off. I could see that plain enough. But they'd both been strong hard on this tax proposition, and had been rung into the campaign. I expect they'd been shown, too, where they ought to go on this Sanatorium Board, same as they were tryin' to show me. How was it, though, I hadn't been notified until to-night?

"Lemme see that appointment notice," says I.

The Reverend Farnum hands it over.

"Oh, yes," says I. It was of even date, the ink hardly dry. No tellin' how many others had been slated for that third place before me, or why they'd all side-stepped.

"We ought to be getting along, I presume," says the Reverend Farnum, glancin' at me expectant.

I took a full minute to think it over. Course, I saw why they wanted me. But what of it? It was all in a good cause. Brick had to be finished, ground in the dirt. It was comin' to him. He'd bossed and bulled and grafted long enough. I'd given up my share to him. Hadn't his contractin' firm soaked me good and proper on that curb-and-gutter job? So I ought to be ready to do my bit.

"Come on," says I, gettin' my overcoat.

It seems the sanatorium directors had the use of a room over fire headquarters down in the village, and we finds Brick Hartley talkin' to the driver of the chemical on the ground floor. He nods at we Blo past, and pretty soon follows us up. We was bunched in a corner with our heads together when Brick marches in. There's a long oak table in the room, half a dozen wood-bottomed fiddin' chairs, and one arm-chair with a cushion. Brick pulls the arm-chair up to one end of the table and plants himself.

HE'S a heavy-built, slow-motioned party, one of the kind that never makes any false moves or wastes his breath sayin' things before he's thought out just what he means. Even his heavy eyelids lift deliberate, like he wanted to be prepared for whatever he might see.

It ain't a cheerful face. Strong, I expect you'd call it, and gloomy. But if it wasn't for the deep lines and the scar on the left cheek he wouldn't be so bad lookin'. Must have been an ugly smash that left that jagged white mark, shiny as if it had been varnished, and with fine puckerin' around the edges. A blow from a broken bottle, most likely.

"Well, gentlemen?" says he.

For so rough a specimen, he has a surprisin' voice, low and soft, though a bit husky.

We took our places like so many Grade 7 boys gettin' ready to say our piece

"How them kids swarmed around Brick Hartley! The doc and I stood off and watched the performance."

lessons, and Brick lets them steady, deepest eyes of his wander over us slow and sort of sudous. Nothing exactly hostile in this casual once-over he gives us, nor you couldn't actually call it sneerin'. It's a sort of well-look-who-we-have-here sizeup that don't leave you feelin' any too comfortable.

THE Reverend Farnum clears his pipes nervous, and starts in on his spiel. If you didn't know, you'd hardly guess what it's all about. Might have been openin' a mothers' meetin'. And the longer he beats around the bush, the further he gets away from the subject. I was beginnin' to shuffle my feet and shake my neck against my collar, when Brick breaks in on the flow of language.

"Meanin', I suppose," says he, "that it's time to organize the new board?"

"Precisely," says the Reverend Farnum, gettin' a firm grip on the table edge. "And I nominate for chairman—"

"Just a moment," cuts in Brick, liftin' one of his stubby forefingers an inch or two from the table. "We've been in the habit of havin' the same chairman for three terms runnin'; I've been in for two, so far. Thank you, gentlemen; I accept the nomination. Those in favor signify in the usual manner."

The Reverend Farnum was pink in the gills and seemed to be chokin' over something; H. Trevor was scratchin' one ear vigorous; and Wally Phelps was simply starin' bug-eyed. Brick glances inquirin' from one to the other, and just the ghost of a smile flickers in his mouth corners as he goes on:

"If there's no opposition we will—"

Which is when I comes to life.

"What do you think this is you're puttin' over?" says I. "A monologue? Well, you got another guess, Brick. We ain't gathered here to pin any more honors on you, either. Anyway, that wasn't the schedule of events doped out to me. Mr. Farnum, it's your whoop."

And this time he gets it out without chokin'. I'm the nominee.

"Huh!" says Brick. "So that's your little plan? Goin' to shove me out and put McCabe in, eh? What's the grand idea?"

Once more the Reverend Farnum gives an exhibition of talkin' around a thing without gettin' within arm's length of it. Course, he's tryin' to sketch out to Brick what we think of him, but usin' polite parlor phrases, such as "So you will appreciate, my dear sir, that we deem it best," and so forth and so on. I stood it for three or four minutes before crashin' in, but when I does break through I lands with both feet.

"Ah, for the love of soup!" says I. "Let's ditch the wrist-puttin' stuff. We're goin' to throw you out, Brick, because you're a crook and a grafter. Get that?"

He never bats an eyelash. He just stares at me steady for a second, and when he finds I'm starin' back he hunches his shoulders and remarks quiet:

"Crook and grafter, eh? Can you prove that?"

"When we can," says I, "you'll get a free hair-cut and maybe an easy job peelin' potatoes up the river. But I expect you've covered your tracks well. No matter. We don't need proofs. We've got the votes."

"Question, please!" pipes up the Reverend Farnum.

"Second the motion!" mumbles Wally Phelps.

BRICK takes no notice of 'em. His square chin has dropped a trifle nearer the big pearl stick-pin that ornaments his striped four-in-hand. He seems to be thinkin'. And when he's ready he rouses up.

"Now, what's the use?" he asks. "You reformers have got everything o'se. You've picked me as clean as a cold-storage chicken, all except one pin-feather—this no-account place as head of the sanatorium board. There ain't a dollar in it. And you won't like messin' around with them lungers. You'll shy what little work there is. Why not leave it to me?"

This time I didn't give the Reverend Farnum a chance to start his conversational squat-tag.

"Brick," says I, "we're through leavin' things to you. It's too expensive. And if this is such a tridin' job, what do you want to hang on to it for?"

"I'll tell you," says he. "I helped build that sanatorium. I didn't think much of the scheme at first, I'll admit, but that young Dr. Roelke talked me around. I said I'd put it through if he'd go in as superintendent. We've worked together on it for six years now, and I—well, I'm sort of interested in the thing."

"Y-e-s," says I. "You was interested in the new courthouse too, that cost the county two million. You was interested in the creek bridge—half a million more. You got all het up over the trolley extensions, and handed over franchises at a midnight session with the doors locked. Course you're interested. But do you think you can buffalo us all the time? Ah, come!"

The Reverend Farnum is right there with the follow-up. "I think Mr. McCabe has, in his forceful way," says he, "expressed our attitude, Mr. Hartley. I insist on the vote being taken."

"Just as you say," says Brick.

He knows when he's beat. The minute it's over, he gets out of the arm-chair, puts on his hat, and starts to leave. At the door he stops.

"I don't suppose I'll figure very prominent on any of the committees?" says he.

"You've guessed it," says I.

He chews that over a second, and then comes back to the table.

"Then I might as well get out entirely," says he. "Well, I will. Not right away, though. I'd like to hang on until I've had a chance to show you what we're doing up there—what we're planning."

"Oh, sure!" says I.

"When could you go up with me?" he asks.

"To-morrow," says I.

"Good!" says he. "I'll pick you up in my machine. About ten, say?"

I nods. With that, Brick Hartley drifts out and we're left with things all our own way. It wasn't so much satisfaction. Inside of ten minutes we'd discovered that we knew as much about managin' a sanatorium as we did about assemblin' a mince-pie or conductin' a steel plant. We decides unanimous that before we gets in any deeper we ought to find out what this institution looks like, how it's bein' run, and so on.

"Then let's all go up to-morrow," I suggests.

Somehow they ain't so strong for that. They each proceeds to put in an alibi, some of 'em two or three. They was sure I could dig up all the information by myself.

"We'll leave it to you, McCabe," says Wally Phelps.

"Absolutely," adds Peebles. "You're chairman, you know."

SO that's how Brick Hartley and I come to put in the best part of the day together inspectin' this big cream-colored stucco buildin' up on the hilltop in the north end of the county. And say, in a few hours him and that Dr. Roelke had thrown at me more facts that I could stow away in a year—about ward groups in', segregation, diet kitchens, solariums, scientific sleepin' porches—I don't know what all. They showed me what was needed—a new heating system, another wing for convalescents, more books for the libr'y, a small pipe organ maybe for the assembly room, better quarters for the nurses. They got out the accounts, so I could see just how the annual appropriation was stretched to the limit.

Oh, yes, I saw the patients too—rows of 'em in wheeled cots, out in the sun and crisp air; others in steamer chairs, a dozen or more that was busy sawed out buildin' a toboggan slide. And last we inspected the annex for youngsters.

"What!" says I. "All those kids with that? You don't mean it!"

"Incipient cases," says the doc. "But they would all develop the trouble later on if we didn't nip it in the bud. We can save 'em now. We have saved 'em,—hundreds."

"And if you don't mind," adds Brick, "don't let on anything while we're in here about—about my being out. I think a lot of these kids and—and some of 'em—well, they like me, you see."

It's a fact, they did. Only a few was bad enough to be in cots. The rest was up and runnin' around as lively as any youngsters. They'd been havin' school in a big, half open room; but when the teacher saw us comin' she smiles and declares an extra recess.

AND how them kids did swarm around Brick Hartley! Almost mobbed him, in fact. In a minute they had him down in a chair. A little girl with big blue eyes and yellow curls had climbed on one of his knees and was tryin' to tell him something about a doll he'd sent her, while the other knee is occupied by a black-eyed little Dago boy who's just as excited about something else. And others was crowdin' round, waitin' their turn. The doc and I stood off and watched the performance.

"What is it you call this?" I asks. "The prepa—"

"Preventorium," says he. "It is entirely separate from the rest of the institution: separate nursing staff, separate play-grounds, everything."

"But I didn't notice it figurin' on the books," says I.

"No," says he. "It—it doesn't."

"Eh?" says I, suspectin' I'd run down something crooked. "Why not?"

"I suppose you might as well know first as last," says he. "This is Mr. Hartley's personal contribution."

"You don't mean," I gasps, "that Brick Hartley—that he puts up for all this?"

"Every dollar," says Dr. Roelke. "It wouldn't be here if he didn't. Rather a new idea, preventoriums, you know. We couldn't get the commissioners to see it. So he did it on his own hook."

"Then—then," says I, "it's him who's saving all these kids?"

"Yes," says the doc. "You've no idea how wrapped up he is in this work. He's going to miss it, being out of it all."

I glances over at Brick, cuddlin' up a youngster with each arm and tryin' to smile cheerful. He didn't want 'em to know this would be his last visit. That's enough for me. I'm just as quick thruwin' in the reverse as I am catchin' the forward speeds.

"Say, doc," says I, "I got a hunch he ain't goin' to be out of it so much as he thinks. I've just decided I won't make such a swell chairman, after all. I'll tell him about it goin' back."

WHICH I did. He listens quiet, and then shakes his head. "You're all right, McCabe," says he, "and I'm much obliged. But you can't swing that highbrow bunch after you."

"Them!" says I. "Watch me! Why, in half an hour I could have 'em jumpin' through hoops. You wait until I tell 'em what's on the other side of Brick Hartley—the side they ain't seen."

We had another meetin' last night; and, if I do say it myself, I'm some grand little resigner. I put it to 'em strong, all about the preventorium and the kids and everything. Then I winds up by handin' Mr. Brickett Hartley for his old place. The ayes had it. And when I looks over to Brick, to motion him to take the arm-chair again, blamed if there ain't a drop of brine trickle' down one side of his nose.

MRS. SHAKESPEARES

"DEAR E my dearest, Nothing's worth while but d-reams of you." Old stuff of course. Never theless Miss Jane Kummer put it into a song which sold more than 1,000,000 copies. Classed on by this success Miss Kummer wrote a play "Good Gracious Annabelle!" which was one of the biggest hits Broadway had known for a long time. A great comedy takes in about $2000 a week, of which the author gets from five to ten per cent. With which encouragement Miss Kummer has just ventured to produce another entitled "A Successful Calamity."

IT'S an ill wind, etc. Mary Roberts Rinehart a little boy had measles. Did Mrs R R worry. She did not. The quarantine gave her the idea for a book that afterward became the play "Seven Days." Mrs Rinehart says her success consists in doing ordinary every-day characters and making them pass through extraordinary experiences; and she ac cributes her success in her early education in Sick Cancer. "Sick has been my inspiration since I began reading him at nine years of age," she says.

THE lady whom you see riding on Fifth Avenue New York in a white automobile with a chauffeur also dressed in white is Miss Rachel Crothers who wrote "Young Wisdom" and a lot of other plays including "Old Lady 31," which is playing on Broadway right now. If you go to see "Old Lady 31" you may have the honor of occupying a seat once occupied by a famous reformer himself. Look for he seat with the tear marks on the carpet under it.

WHEN a few years ago somebody quoted Margaret Mayo as saying that she drew $500,000 royalties in one year Miss Mayo characterized the statement as "silly nonsense, unreasonable and unauthorized," which seems almost like a denial. However "Baby Mine" was a baby guild-maker and "Twin Beds" stood side by side

NAZE plays near Harriet Ford's name etches as author of collaborations. She dramatized "Audrey" for Eleanor Robson now Mrs. August Belmont. With Joseph Patterson she wrote "The Fourth Estate" and "The Uncle Brother of the Rich Girl." O Ingram was her collaborator on "The Argyle Case." "The Ninety and Nine" and he brilliant playlet "The Dickey Bird" (Harriet is not related to Henry but she will be glad when the boys are out of the trenches and back in the front seats of the orchestra at $2 a head, where they belong.

FANNY HATTON is one of the Happy Hattons—so called because when they open their mouths most people split out of the break at once. The other member of the combination is Frederick Hatton's dramatic critic of the Chicago Post. After seeing many plays on Pardo ick was sure they decided they could write one that couldn't be worse and might be better. They wrote here "Years of Discretion," "Pleasure and Duty" and "The Happy Land," as a result of which Frederick gave up dramatic criticism. He looks out on the world here might tourneys and sees nothing exercise

THE

© Herman Schmalz and Brown & Thomson

WHEN man first overcame his dread of the awful mysterious ocean, his impulse was to trade upon it. The nation that traded best became most powerful. The sea shaped our destiny—has gone right on through the centuries shaping destinies. She involved Europe in war and recently she has done strange things to America. Out of her depths teeming with mines and submarines, for one thing, a vast boom in shipbuilding has risen—out of the tide flats of the Pacific and Atlantic coasts a new crop of millionaires is springing. Unfortunately, America is not building these freighters for herself. American capital is afraid of the sea because the sea, like Mona Lisa, will not talk. So the vast merchant marine in course of construction is not for us. It is for Europe. And Europe knows that South America, with its wealth of wool and beeves, hides and grain, metal and mineral, is lying out to the southward. The stretch of silver sea and the fringe of palms in the picture is a bit of the coast of Brazil. When the show-down comes this will be the scene of the greatest trade war in the history of man, prophets say.

Photograph by Byron Brothers.

JOSEPH CONRAD lived one full life on the sea—from cabin-boy to captain—and then started in at forty years ago to live another. It has taken us about twenty years (Conrad's first novel, "Almayer's Folly," was published in 1895) to realize that the first mate of a merchant-ship produced the greatest fiction genius of the age. When one considers that Conrad is a Pole and that he learned English in middle life, his mastery of English style and fascination of diction become almost mysterious.

Photo. © by Brown Brothers

A LAW requiring ship-owners ... seamen in bear comfort ... year. The sale of "damaged ... New York is as much a traditi... as it was in the good old days ... of the four-master. Tales of ... putrid pork, and beef crawling ... saltpeter can still be heard about ... and foul conditions in the ... appear to have changed very ... For his galley stoves "at least one ... of meat, and one pint drink per ... the fact that those who endure ... scoff at those who can not quite ... should be necessary. The ... dating back to undated time. ... He does not like change; seven ... days of worry at sea. Probably ... ried rather than eat the "grog" ... epidemic, while Drake—the first ... sity of vegetable food on a ... potatoes (then a new food) on ...

© by Brown Bros. and Paul Thompson

"THOSE dratted Krupps have knocked all the romance out of war," growls grandpa, who carried a sword in the Rebellion, when war was "war." You are right, grandpa. War is a utilitarian thing now. But what about the *Emden* and her plucky Captain Frank who for six months snapped his fingers at the navies of nine belligerent nations? When the war started, the *Emden* escaped capture and started out to free-lance. She was here, there, and everywhere, harrying shipping and sparring enemy cruisers—the only German warship on the high seas. England, quick to recognize a sportsman foe, doffed its cap to her when she was finally run to death off the coast of Australia. Of her captain they said: "He was indeed a gallant gentleman."

IT is picturesque to be a diver if you are not a diver, divers say. It is one of those jobs that look better to some one else. The profession is not overcrowded. There are about ten thousand persons in the world who boast of it (amateurs not counted). The wage of the diver varies from $ 25 an hour in America to 30 cents an hour in Portugal. The Portuguese are said to be most expert, too. Much wealth passes through the diver's hands, from time to time, in the way of salvage. Recently divers took a million pounds from the *Florio*, sunk in the Mediterranean by one of the first war submarines. The artful diver dreams of salvaging the sunken gold of the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*.

Photograph by Byron Brothers.

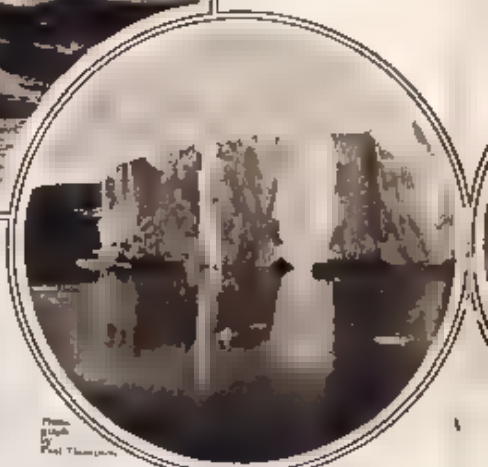


Photo. © by Paul Thompson

IMAGINE a mass of ice large as three city blocks and as tall as the tallest sky-scraper. Skippers tell us that this is somewhat the effect of an iceberg when it thrusts suddenly out of a fog-bank and looms down upon a ship. Add to this the fact that the mass is probably travelling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and that only one seventh of it is out of water and you will get a faint realization of the consequences of meeting up with it. The *Titanic*, roaring through the seas at thirty miles an hour, encountered the jagged ridge of the submerged six sevenths of such a visitant, and since that tragedy a corps of revenue-cutters has been stationed in the North Atlantic to warn vessels when such danger is near. This is mostly in the spring of the year, for it is then that the berg gets restless, separates from the parent glacier and wanders away from the zone of everlasting ice.

SEA

JOHN MASEFIELD is the latest sea genius to contribute to our literature. The Masefield sea is stark, with music and wild magic, and peopled with ghosts, treasure ships and spectral fishermen, a sea of adventure and unrest and tragedy, full of beauty. Like Conrad, Masefield knows his sea first hand. As a boy he sailed before the mast, knew its workings by way hereafter the sea as he always would be best seen "all the strange circles of earth," including Greenwich Village, New York, where he resided at the time of the sailing

© Detroit Publishing Co.

PEOPLE no longer make wills when they embark upon the waters. Science has done a lot to minimize sea perils. But the unsinkable ship is yet to be built, and the sea is yet to be chastened. Shipping records for the year 1913 show that 4,500 lives and 10,000 ships were lost. This was a "normal" year. Owing to the war conditions are now abnormal and therefore statistics are worthless. But we have the Board of Trade's word for it that in normal years three fifths of the world's shipping is "involved in casualty."

THE ever-present danger of the sea is collision, and its prevention in the North Atlantic is a real problem. In 1913 50,786 vessels cleared from American and Canadian ports and 500,000 voyages were made upon these waters. Recently a deck officer on a large liner saw a couple of masts floating by on the starboard side. At the same time the quartermaster saw two masts to port. Their conclusion was that they had run in two another vessel! The average sea captain pays about as much attention to what may be in his path as does a joy-rider at 2 A. M. Why? Quick voyages make quick gains. Double trips mean double profits. And the carelessness upon the high seas is almost beyond belief.

BECAUSE no lady considered herself entirely efficient or genteel, in the middle of the last century unless she owned a sealskin coat, the bloodiest chapter in the story of the sea came to be written. For centuries the gentle seal had lived safely and securely on the beaches of his unvisible islands in the regions of perpetual mist, snow and gale. Then one day woman tasted his fur and found it good, and man fared forth to seek it for her, wallowing in icy seas, enduring the loss of fingers, toes, and limbs, covered continually with grease blood. But he slew with such thriftless fury that nowadays only queens, prima donnas, and the wives of the Standard Oil can wear genuine seal. Sealskin went out of general fashion, but bird breasts came in. So there were jolantly tragedies ten on other lonely sea islands that only the sea could tell of if it could.

HOW long will the whales last? While whales are many and oceans are wide, some believe that it is only a question of time before the whale shares the fate of the dodo. About thirty whaling companies are now in operation on all the "seven seas," averaging an annual destruction of about 150,000 whales. As it takes the whale two years to reproduce its kind, it can be seen that extermination is more than a possibility until quite recently the capture of a whale meant the life of at least one man; but since the invention of Svend Foyn's harpoon with a hollow detachable head into which a dynamite charge is fastened—the hazards are decidedly less.

Photograph from Charles A. Hathaway.

TALK ABOUT LUCK

SPEARIN of luck there's Joseph Knoblach, formerly employed as a farm-hand by Joseph McCune, Humphrey Township, New York. Note the *formerly*. Joe had the following things happen to him in quick succession: First he found a pearl in an oyster which enriched him to the extent of a century note. Second he saved a man, apparently a tramp—from freezing, and was rewarded with $250. Third an automobile struck him, and the owner left him by the side of the road with $75 in his hand. And finally an uncle of whom he had never heard, died and left him $12,500. Better send for Mr. Atwood's book, Joe.

A KIND deed performed some fourteen years ago made "Uncle" Henry Getz of St. Louis the richest hot-dog vender in the United States. A friend of his, a German cooper, was compelled by illness to go to California, and lent him money. Getz lent him $400, with no security but the deed to some water-covered land. While Getz was wondering whether to convert his acreage into a fish farm or a summer resort, along came the government and drained all the land thereabouts. When the draining process was complete Uncle Henry found himself with a bill for $2000, and some land worth a fortune. Learn a lesson from his children: do one kind deed every day.

Photograph from U. S. Army

Photograph from U. S. Army

WHEN Sherman Smith of Missouri was eighteen years old he owned two suits of clothing, his board was paid for a month in advance, he had a position that paid him $5 a week and had $5 in real money. He joined with three other boys in staking a mining claim out in the Cripple Creek region. They sold it for mine a few months later for $5000. With his share Smith bought another, and another—until at twenty-five Young Smith is worth something like a quarter of a million dollars, all made in seven years. And he claims that he doesn't know one hole in the ground from another. That it's all simply plain blind luck.

HENRY C. WOOD is a man I'm mentioned in Hardshelburg, Kentucky, only as an aged whisper. He guessed his way twice to the Chicago World's Fair estimating what the total attendance would be on a certain week. He won $50 in gold offered by a St. Louis paper for the best poem in a contest. Besides this, he has won a gold watch, a handsome book-case, a piano, and many smaller prizes—including, we suppose, a silver-mounted pickle-castor and a set of silver pen-holders.

Photograph from Keystone Studios

WAR is a terrible calamity; but there is one thing to be said in its favor: its bullets fall about equally on the just and the unjust, the rich and the poor, so often in proportion as the good are those who respect war as more just than ill. Mrs. Longdon, of Gateshead, England, is the wife of a coroner and expects to keep right on being. Also she can cook as good a mince pie as any woman in the United Kingdom, and is proud of it. I was not her fault if the war reached out and removed a disrespective relative of hers, leaving her the mistress of £25,000 ($125,000). War, as Mrs. Longdon often remarks, is a terrible calamity.

A DOZEN years ago Harry F. Sinclair was a drug clerk in a small Oklahoma town. He knew that a whiff from a man that sure means something as the bottom of the milk shake and but a wink from a rich customer probably meant nothing. Also he knew that oil was being struck all around him in Oklahoma. With the first $500 he could save up he bought land, and sold it soon after for $ 00,000. Then he bought more—and everywhere he went the oil seemed to follow along after him like a trained dachshund. To-day he is worth something like $50,000,000, and is the president of the largest independent oil company in the world. You're on right, Harry, on right.

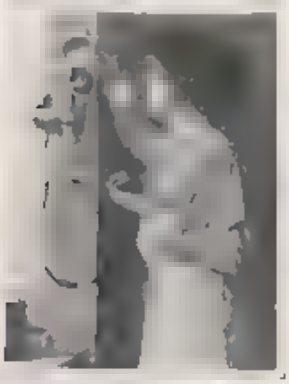
Photograph from [illegible]

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

GRIND IT YOURSELF

coffee flavor is lost by boiling ground and left standing for even a short time. With



the hopper, the switch pressed, and attendance can be turned to other work until it is finished.

WHO REALLY INVENTED SLEEPING-CARS?

A cherish the notion that George M. Pullman invented the sleep

done about the comfort and luxury of the

weeks' trial.

As early as 1850, two or three of the big roads began to make sleeping-berths four way cars for the use of stockmen

His better than wide shelves hung from the side of the car:

pose per berth by a movo the wall led to a lawsuit between two leading sleep- car companies in or

The company claimed the patent on the device, and contested the plea, on the ground that the plan was old. Evidence was presented proving that the hinged shelf long been used for making sleepin- and among other forms

rows that the carriage which

in use as an ordinary sleeping

FOOLING THE TORPEDO

A

the *Electrical Experimenter* there are always two sides. One concerns the merits

s disadvantages and shortcomings

The Hammond radio-controlled torpedo has yet to meet exhaustive tests of external wireless interference. As an example, let us suppose that a war vessel dis

and assume that the enemy ship has observed the despatch of the missile.

The officer on watch will immediately notify the ship's wireless operator who

a composite wave of many different lengths, thus destroying the effectiveness of the torpedo directed toward his vessel.

The inventor of the apparatus that throws out a composite wave of this type

which automatically controls the wave length of the transmitting apparatus. These wave lengths are then sent out

certain keys, when the impulses of the

On the attacked ship, meanwhile, the "radio obliterator" will be busy. The delicate receptor recording the waves

result, of these waves mingling will be a

COAST IN COMFORT

C

bank uphill for another coast somehow

New York has solved the

nglous way. Nobody pulls the sled back uphill because it is equipped with a motor wheel sufficient in power and

Motor-wheel.

One and one-half horse-power motor wheel relieves these coasters of the arduous task of pushing the sled back uphill after a thrilling coast.

a force to push a well filled sled back to the starting-point.

On smooth snow the motor wheel will propel a sled with one occupant at the r of twenty-five miles an hour. Sleds thus equipped have been rented by the stores for delivery purposes.

SPEED FOR MOVIES

A

This midget automobile was originally designed for movie comedies but is performed so remarkably that it has been successfully entered in races.

gaping public, one fine afternoon sat down on a pile of scenery in the corner of the studio and devised an automobile for

When the result of his plottings was

hands.

Trials proved that the miniature red demon could travel over good roads at a

used. The gear shift was patterned after

hundred pounds. It is equipped with an

fun, he discovers that the midget car has

attained with

Another advantage of the midget is safety from accidents by capsizing

center of gravity which prevents

ARTIFICIAL MILK

A

made its appearance. It is an emulsion of almonds and Brazil nuts containing carbohydrates, protein, and mineral matter in suspension in the proportions in which they occur in cow's milk. The production of this vegetable milk is still a matter of scientific rather than commercial interest, but undoubtedly the time is not far distant when the use of artificial milk will be as commonplace as is the use of artificial butter to-day.

The Forecast.

TO HELP THE FISH

T

audience about the hungry way our nation is eating up the coal deposits

wit "How soo

The lecturer replied "Why two hundred years

" should worry Mister "

There will be enough coal to heat houses and the homes of several generations of our progeny. Beyond that we are

turn from coal to fish.

The State of New York was recently quite perturbed over the rapidity with which the waters of the commonwealth were becoming exhausted of fish. As a

has issued one of the most interesting pamphlets that has

office. And it deals solely with fish

took out nearly six million pounds of fish,

approximating on the part of the Commission to reach the imp

sion that New York's fish would soon be

ories have been established. In 1915 al

More than 6000 applications for small

FIVE HEAVY GIANTS

A 15,000 horse-power motor that is being installed in one of America's steel-mills.

T

steel-mill, where it will be used for driving the main rolls, in which white-hot steel ingots are reduced to bars and plates

or exceeds that of

energy of 120,000 men, yet it is controlled by a single man at a simple switch.

This motor is the first of a series of similar machines now under construction in the shops of one of the largest electrical manufacturing concerns in America. These electrical giants have been called into being by the extraordinary steel conditions in America to-day.

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

ALFRED HARMSWORTH LORD NORTHCLIFFE

LETTER OF A YOUNG ENGLISH SOLDIER ABOUT TO DIE

HOW SHOULD A LAWYER BEHAVE?

CONFESSIONS OF A SCHOOL-TEACHER

IT PAYS TO BE A GOOD FATHER

A DESPERATE SITUATION

WHY PEOPLE GIVE TIPS

ONE quarter part generosity and two ... reasons why you give tips, says Wal... *The Itching Palm* (the ... ing Company) ... garnishes your poached egg with a sunny smile. You know that the ... egg includes the ... ms. You can ... under obligation to the waiter for an unpaid smile, so you settle your bill with ... That is the ... he bestows upon a ... hat is the second ingredient ... You don't want to be ... You haven't the courage to ... break a social convention that you loathe. That is the third ingredient—fear. The ... though he could not read a book ... chology of the sense of obligation, of knowledge. The author cites as p... a trial in Detroit over the division of tips in a restaurant cloak-room.

"How do you make people 'cough up'?" queried the judge.

"When they are going away I brush them down and if they don't give me something I take hold of their lapel and say: Excuse me, and brush ...

Now what is the remedy? Mr. Scott says ... for the service ... or obligation ... pensation for all ... included in the bill. ... pride must be recognized frankly and mastered by democratic ideals. You will not become less a gentleman if the socially submerged classes rise to a normal plane

HAVE YOU A TALENTED CHILD?

IF Mary at the age of four is warden of ... to spell go "goo" or "gow," this is ... that Mary will be the first woman to preside over the United States or that Harol... will be a hod-carrier.

The more precocity a child exhibits, the more you may doubt his real ability, warns Florence Hull Winterburn in *The Mother in Education* (McBride, Nast & Company). For time is the important factor in the natural development of ... begrees are extraordinarily wise at four years and dull at fourteen. "Nervous and volatile children of superficial parents sometimes present an appearance of youthful brilliancy that arouses high expectations of their future, but they seldom fulfil these hopes."

The one sure sign of superior ability is ...

... *him. Above ... the left ... that the sound of his ...*

steadily into yours, and if later on he develops a passion for a pink flannel pig ... refuses to be adjured ... a stuffed leather horse, then he ... singleness of purpose that is the ... of genius.

If however, your child has talent or her ... for while ... glory ... will bring also less suffering.

"One of the happy features of talent is that ... is practical. More of the head than of the heart, it prudently ... results of a ... by an instinct that ... young person who has tal... of genius is likely ... career in any pursuit he el...

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MAGAZINE ART?

"WHAT is the matter with magazine art?" ... claims, writes ... buy only the drawings that can not possibly offend. Great art although it gives real emotion and pleasure to many people ... Aristo... claims why magazine art ... to be so dull ... magazine artist has ... a record all his own warm ... is a highly skilled pers...

Rembrandt's shut great work, according to Max Eastman no modern editor would publish it, unless the artist ...

He knows how to draw horses, buttons, pants, books, hat-racks, seltzer bottles, anything and everything, scattered combined. These ... drawings give rudimentary pleasure to ...

"When magazine drawings express feeling, the ... feelings they express are ...

... ows clear up into stylish athleticism in a ...

"Romance ... ing of the two ... in his gazing upon the earth, she upon infinity ... stockings."

AMERICA'S STINGINESS TOWARD BELGIUM

I ... merica that ... carried on with ... circumstances connected with his work ... more than ... kept just ... go without their daily meal unless their ... there is so little ... only the children actually ...

$5,000,000 and $4,000,000 respe... very month. In addition the ... Great Britain and her colonies are ... 000,000 each month to feed the 10,000,000 ... can take care of them."

The anger of Americans at the treatment of Belgians has been aroused to the ...

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT HAIR

IF a man is bald it is not because his most becoming hat is a hard, hard derby. Baldness runs in the family, according to an article by Dr. Richard Mueller in the *Forum*. The contri... tern of a father's baldness is often ... of tight ... sure and stiff hats. Strange to say daughters of bald men never take ... in this respect, although they may transmit baldness to ... be cured," says Dr ... being so rested in ... the regrowth took place after thirty-five years of baldness.

"In the cases of 71 patients who were suffering from hair loss, it was found that

"The majority ate too fast, not chewing their food. They ate too often, drank ... with their meals in excess, or ... and coffee. They ... while eating, when ... been given to ...

"When a ... patients had re... treatment ... new hair grew ... He prescribes a diet for people whose hair is thinning and becoming gray and lusterless, for an extra supply of hair-forming material must be taken into the body. As hair contains five per cent of sulphur and ashes, raw milk and oatmeal—which contains 22 per cent of sulphur—are prescribed, soup made from two ... and one part bone gives the necessary ... Rye bread and raw eggs ... and time and for centuries ... remedy for hair-growing, though nobody knows exactly why ... Don't ... Mueller ... make the ... much easier. There is much reason to believe that even trimming the hair is inadvisable. This ... goes on to explain, is ... each hair ... is designed to carry ... of certain length, and if that length is shortened the bulbs, adapting themselves, become weaker accordingly.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

S ... Know you that the English troops ... fighting in German South West Africa. The ...

THE OTHER BROWN

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

Illustration by Lucius W. Hitchcock

[illegible]

[illegible]

I've brought you here to be with me [illegible] I want to keep you [illegible]

"Thank you, but I have no friends in New York," said the girl. "I haven't [illegible] anywhere," she added.

Mr. Brown only answered with [illegible]

"So much the better for me then. Now get into bed, dear. This is cool enough to drink."

"You're so kind, so [illegible] gratefully, but Mrs. Gil [illegible] with [illegible]

Then she took out of her [illegible]

She lay perfectly still as she had [illegible] down, [illegible] her trembling hands had taken [illegible] dilldoul. Oh, yes, the [illegible] her. She had [illegible] to permit a [illegible] to get explained [illegible] for her by [illegible] said to day in her [illegible] ing had [illegible] She felt Cecil had kissed her on the lap and told her to rest.

Returning to Boston after the long stay in England she had heard that Brown had married and gone to live in New York, and she had supposed that they had passed out of each other's lives forever. Then last night the senora had heard of the murder, and had hurried to the convent.

IT was midnight. The class dinner was over. It was not until Dozy had left his friends and started eastward along his own street his exciting events of the early evening returned to his mind.

He had just arrived at Columbus Avenue, which he had to cross to reach the block in which he lived, when a trolley car slowed down to let off a passenger. Called by a he glanced idly at the man who stood on the platform waiting to descend, and at sight of his face, thrown into distinct [illegible] the car. [illegible] jumped down, and the car started again.

Dozy held his breath. The man who appeared not to have noticed him at once turned his back and waited for the car to move off. Then he crossed the street and entered the block in which stood the Welles-Hewitt house.

Dozy followed. His heart was beating wildly. He passed his house, hardly aware of it as he went by. He had no idea what he meant to do.

The Welles-Hewitt house stood near the corner. Behind [illegible] shades of the lower windows a light was burning. Some [illegible] The man was almost there. Now he was directly [illegible] but he did not stop, though he cursed [illegible] the lighted windows [illegible] seeing that he had [illegible] a long, relieved [illegible] to Mrs. Malone. [illegible] top of the dark [illegible] stood feeling [illegible] something. A [illegible]

[illegible] made a startled movement [illegible] started up the steps to him he started down [illegible] make out who you were. I never dreamed [illegible]

I live up the block," Dozy managed to [illegible] "Saw you get off the car but [illegible] wasn't sure — was you."

"Well, I'm glad you ran me down."

An awkward pause followed. Brown stood smiling, his blue eyes frank and friendly. Dozy was dumb. He could only stare back at the face before him. This was really Brown — [illegible]

[illegible] Malone.

[illegible] his voice [illegible] from his face as its [illegible] Nobody [illegible] at any moment some one who lived in the house might come along. Or a policeman might come out of the other house.

"Wish you'd come home with me for a little while," he said on a sudden impulse. [illegible] something to eat and [illegible]

"To eat!" Brown laughed. "You've just come from a banquet! Anyhow, it's too late. Thanks. I'll come some other [illegible]

But he now clutched [illegible]

"You mustn't go into the house! You mustn't [illegible] You're [illegible] tired [illegible]

"What's the matter with you, Chappy? I'm not drunk." Dozy came nearer. Brown. He looked more as the companion. "Don't you know that they're after you that a man named Welles-Hewitt was killed to-night in his [illegible]

Brown recoiled sharply. Horror was in [illegible]

[illegible] home with me, understand — I know it [illegible] Come on."

[illegible] blundered on drawn down the [illegible]

[illegible] hurry [illegible]

"It's all right. I'm going to help you, understand." He spoke as one might to a child's aid, indeed, in the other's dazed [illegible]

[illegible] that they were inside his house. When he had [illegible] the light in the dining-room he turned to close the door and then, for the first time, he saw Brown's face distinctly. It was drawn and gray.

"Better have a drink," said Dozy quickly, starting for the sideboard.

Mr. Brown stopped [illegible] "I'm all right." Then he asked hoarsely: "What are you going to do?"

"Help [illegible]

"With me [illegible] by the question. "You're safe here, just thought we could [illegible] How did you find [illegible] old [illegible]

"That they're after you?"

[illegible] the other.

DOZY hesitated. To say that he had been present at the murder would mean simply that he knew whether or not Hunt was the man who [illegible] him. And he did not know.

"Sit down, won't you?" he invited [illegible] pulling a chair toward the table. Brown made no move to accept [illegible]

"What do you mean when you said you knew it wasn't [illegible] What do you [illegible]

"Sit down. I'll tell [illegible] Dozy [illegible] Brown [illegible] "Then I saw it wasn't you that [illegible] didn't seem to know [illegible]

Brown leaned forward a little. "What do [illegible]

"Nothing. I went out into the hall and up the steps. Then a woman up there screamed [illegible]

He broke off abruptly, halted by depression of horror on his listener's face. "Is she dead too?"

Dozy shook his head. "She had fainted from fright, Mr. Scarborough thought."

"Mr. Scarborough [illegible]

"He was there. He happened to be passing the house and heard the scream. Then we found the body of Mr. Welles-Hewitt in the back room, and got the police. Of course I had to tell what I had seen, but I didn't tell him I had called the man by name, because I was sure I was made a mistake. But [illegible] afternoon the police found out that the man [illegible] entered by the roof and got away through another house where he was living."

"Well?" Go on," urged Brown quickly. "And they found out his name was Brown."

DJER-KISS AND THE WAR

HERE is the section Bois-Colombes of Paris, the Great War found a working happily in our parfumerie de Djer-Kiss. That seems to me [illegible] bells rang out for the mobilization. And I assure you, my good friends, their sounded a sad farewell to our jolie de [illegible]

Then onward came the irresistible gray flood [illegible]

But do you know, we kept to our accustomed tasks: those of us who were not called to serve la Patrie helped to assure our minds.

Each day my comrades and I worked making Djer-Kiss,—trying to forget for the moment the world outside.

Then came the Battle of the Marne. We could hear the rumbling and muttering of the [illegible] terrible in the distance. Precaution, earth-works were thrown up at our very door. Refugees poured in,—in twos and threes, in families and with little [illegible] they came dazed and forlorn [illegible]

tasks. Every hand was needed to help these unhappy ones. And for the first time we closed our parfumerie.

But when six weeks had passed, the thunder of the cannon everlasting had died away. One could hear it then only, faint and very distant, when the wind blew gently from the East. A place for each refugee had been found. Everything had been arranged. And again there was need of occupation.

Then did we beg n once more to make Djer-Kiss. And since those days in 1914 of the Battle of the Marne—we have never stopped. Our parfumerie has never been closed.

[illegible] who can only serve la Patrie by—what is it the English say?—"keeping the home fires burning." And we go about the accustomed tasks finding it [illegible] to keep our minds and hands employed.

So it is, my good friends in America, that every paquet of Djer-Kiss comes direct to you from France, and from me only.

And as we work over here in Bois-Colombes de Paris, may you know that we find help and diversion for our thoughts in preparing to please you.—Djer-Kiss.

Kerkoff, Paris

Maloney's Fruit Trees and Ornamentals

[illegible] Nurserymen Exclusively

[illegible] SHRUBS, ROSES AND VINES

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

[illegible] PAGE WIRE CO.

DWARF TREES APPLE PEAR PLUM CHERRY PEACH

Dwarf Trees are best for the home garden; they need less room, **Bear Quicker,** and produce finest fruit. You can grow them as bushes, pyramids, cordons or espalier forms, as described in our **Free Catalogue.**

THE VAN DUSEN NURSERIES

[illegible] M. Kay, Mgr. Box C, Geneva, N. Y.

COLLINS' GUIDE, FREE

COVERS ALL GARDEN NEEDS

Print[illegible] [illegible] 100 [illegible] Mailed October 1st [illegible] Fine [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

What Do We Mean by "Safety-Sealed"?

Easy to Fill and Does it Well

PARKER
SAFETY-SEALED
SELF-FILLER

No holes in the wall of a Parker reservoir [illegible] SAFETY SEALED

All Sizes at nearest Parker Dealer
$2.50 $3 $4 and $5
PARKER PEN [illegible] 393 Main St.,

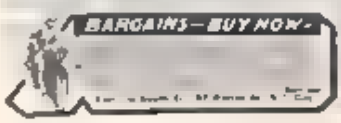
Beware the holes in the wall of [illegible]

The Chinese Woolflower

Japanese Rose Bushes Five for 10cts.

The Wonder of the World

LADIES, YOU CAN EARN BIG MONEY
HUNDREDS ARE DOING IT!



"Well?" she said at last. "I think you told the maid you had a message?"

"Why, yes—I did," stammered Dozy.

He did not know what to make of her manner. According to Tim, she had behaved the night before as if she were in love with Brown. Brown, too, had implied that there was something between them. And here she was acting as if poor Brown and his troubles were nothing to her.

"He asked me to say," he began, "that he thinks you had better tell what you know about him, if the police ask you; because if you don't it will look as if you believe he's guilty and are trying to shield him. Don't you see?" he added, wondering why she stared at him so hard.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "But why should I tell the police? Why doesn't he tell them? If he is innocent of my stepfather's murder, why doesn't he come forward and clear himself?"

"Why, there's a reason he can't—yet."

"What reason?" she demanded coldly.

"I—don't know."

"Well," she said, with a shrug, "I'm not sure that *I* know whom you are talking about. You are certainly not talking about the man that I defended to the police last night, because he would not have sent me such a message. To begin with, I hardly know him. I met him in Mexico a short time ago, quite by chance—though it was a very fortunate chance for me, for it saved my life and that of several other people. Naturally, I feel grateful, and I didn't want to repay his great service to me by allowing him to be arrested for a crime I know he had not committed. I knew the police had made some ridiculous mistake, so I just refused to answer their silly questions."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Of course," she went on, "your friend may be some one I have met—Brown is just an unusual name. But he is not the man I have just been telling you about, because"—her head lifted a little—"he would never have sent me the message you brought."

"Oh!" cried Dozy, suddenly getting a glimmer of light. "But he didn't—exactly. He didn't put it just that way."

"Indeed? How did he put it?"

"Why—he was thinking of you, not himself, when he asked me to come. Don't you see? He was afraid of how it would look to people—your taking up for him. But we thought that if I told you you were hurting *him* by keeping still—Oh, don't you see?"

THAT she did see was plain from the change in her. She leaned toward him eagerly, her eyes shining, her lips parted to speak. But again she drew back.

"How do I know that you are telling the truth?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon?" said Dozy, puzzled again.

"How can I tell," she explained, "that you come from him at all—that you were not sent here by the police?"

"Why—" The word ended in a limp laugh, as understanding struck the boy. That was what she had been thinking all along! "Oh, I see what you mean now! And, of course, you couldn't tell!" He grinned broadly. "I ought to have brought along his seal ring, or a sword—or something. Now wait! Just give me a minute or two," he added, as she began to speak. "Maybe I can think of something he said that will convince you."

"Never mind—I'll trust you without it," she declared. "If you were not genuine you wouldn't have dared to come without credentials."

"That's so!" admitted Dozy, giving her an admiring glance.

"But if I trust you I think you should trust me," she said.

"Tell you who I am, you mean? Well, it's like this, Miss Yzunga," Dozy said in his easy, confidential way. "If I told you I'd have to ask you not to tell, and it will be lots easier for you not to tell if you don't know. Won't it?"

An involuntary smile lighted Alba's serious eyes.

"What I mean," Dozy explained hastily, perceiving that he had just said something rather idiotic, "is that you ought to seem to the police to be perfectly frank, and that it's awfully hard to appear frank when you are hiding something. Now, I think it would be better for you not to tell them about my coming here at all—but you can if you want to. Only they mustn't find out who I am. You see, I'm in a position now to be of help to—to our friend, if he needs it. In fact, he's promised—"

Dozy broke off with an apprehensive glance toward the door, and, as if mechanically, they both walked to the far side of the room.

"He's promised to call on me if anything comes up that I can do. Now, you can see how much help I'd be with the police watching me! And they'd certainly watch me if they knew about my coming here."

"They shall never know from me," she assured him in an eager whisper. "But—does he really want me to tell them about him? Would that be best for *him*?" she questioned anxiously.

"Oh, sure!" said Dozy. "Can't you see it would?"

She nodded. "I thought so myself. But—but will it be very long?" she faltered.

"Why—I don't know," he answered. "Of course, he isn't guilty; he couldn't have done such a thing, and at—"

"You don't have to tell me *that!*" she interrupted, her head high.

"And at the right time he'll come forward and clear himself," Dozy added, expressing the comforting view with which he had quieted his own misgivings.

"Please!" Her hand shot out in a little gesture of arrest. "You don't have to defend him to me. I know him!" she said. "He is the bravest man in the world. If you are his friend you know it."

"Of course I do," Dozy agreed readily. "But you don't want to say anything like that to the police," he added apprehensively. "What you want to give them is some of that bland talk you handed me at the start, as if it was nothing to you, one way or the other. See?"

"Oh, but it does mean everything to me!"

A sudden tremor passed over the black sweep of her lashes; a tear pushed its way out, another followed; her throat worked. Then she swallowed hard, gave her shoulders a jerk, and brushed the tears from her eyes.

"Everything's going to come out all right," said Dozy, trying to cheer her.

But, at the thought of just what the outcome must entail, he felt his own heart sink.

She nodded dumbly.

"We must trust—and wait," she said tremulously. "He has a reason for not—speaking now. Since you are his friend, you must know that there is something that prevents him from having a life like other men."

He murmured an assent and looked at her sharply. But she was gazing past him into space, her eyes wistful.

"Does she know?" he thought.

"He told you everything, of course?" he ventured.

She shook her head, with a glance that questioned in return.

"Just hinted," he answered, and turning picked up his hat.

"There was nothing more he said?" she asked, as she took the hand he offered.

"No, that was all—and how much he appreciated your defending him last night."

"If you should see him again, will—will you tell me?"

"That wouldn't be wise, I'm afraid—when for me to come here again, I mean." He hesitated, then added, "But I may see him again, and if you would like to send some word—"

She considered the suggestion, shook her head again—then, as he turned away, "Only that I trust him," she said in a tone so low that it barely reached him.

And as Dozy left the house and hurried away the pathetic message sounded again and again in his ears.

"Trust wasn't exactly the word she meant," he thought.

To be continued next week

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How I Raised My Own Salary

NOT a literary masterpiece. Just an honest-to-goodness human document with an idea in it that ought to help other people. We mean to have many such this year: perhaps you have one to submit, yourself.

IN the fifteen years since I began as an office-boy I have received one raise in salary that was directly due to my own efforts, my own plans, my own campaign for a raise. It was earned. There was no element of accident in it. That is probably why the campaign for the raise has since had a greater effect on my work than any other incident since I was graduated from the ranks of untrained office help to more interesting and better paid work.

I had been an office-boy for three employers, two of whom "fired" me, when, at eighteen years of age, I accepted the offer of a business college to take their course in stenography and spelling and pay for it after I had begun work as a stenographer. I was then making $8 a week as chief office-boy and mailing clerk.

Eight months later the business college got me a place as stenographer to a commission merchant. This man dictated about ten letters in the morning and ten in the afternoon. Half my product was returned to be rewritten; and through the rewriting I received my most impressive lessons in punctuation, paragraphing, and spelling. He paid me $12 a week, and dismissed me when I asked for more.

Stenographers, it seems, were much in demand; for I secured another place within two days. I had trouble with an unfamiliar typewriter, but in a few days had sufficiently mastered it to write approximately thirty-five letters a day without exhausting myself.

I Take Some Good Advice

MOST of the stenographers I knew were getting from $15 to $30 a week, and I decided I was worth $15. But I did not again make the mistake of demanding a raise. I replied to the advertisements for stenographers in the "Help Wanted" columns of the newspapers. Most of them were anonymous. My "references," in so far as honesty and sobriety were concerned, were excellent. One Monday morning I was called to the telephone and invited to a personal interview with an advertiser who had received an application from me. I asked my employer's permission to leave the office for half an hour.

"I hope you get the job," he replied. "I got one of your answers, and I don't want anybody around here that wants to leave. I'll tell you something else when you come back."

I got the job.

"I'm glad you got it," said my employer, when I told him I would leave at the end of the week. "I was the advertiser who got your letter addressed to B. 2, care the *Times*, and you certainly gave yourself a fine recommendation.

"Now, the trouble about you, Ed, is that you're sloppy about your work. You ought to keep the type of the machine clean, and write more slowly. Better put in a little more of your own time on the work, rather than give your boss the trouble of correcting letters and having them rewritten. And when you're not busy on letters you ought to help the other men in the office. If you were worth $15 a week to me, I'd give it to you. But you're not, and you won't be until you take my advice and do the best you possibly can on whatever work comes your way."

The next man, the employer who gave me my first big raise—the raise I am writing about—was a dealer in rice. I will call him Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones, I soon learned, was after results. His clerks were paid more for their work than others for similar services in the rice business. He told them what he wanted done, and he never bothered about their hours. If the results were not satisfactory, they got one week's notice and one week's pay in addition to what they had earned. He gave them all bonuses at the end of successful seasons.

I was the only employee required to keep hours. I never knew when he would dictate his letters. Sometimes it was eight in the morning, sometimes six in the evening. He allowed $1 for dinner when he dictated late in the evening, and he demanded that all the letters be on his desk, ready for his signature, when he arrived in the morning.

I Improve My Spelling

I WROTE his letters slowly and carefully. I bought an abridged dictionary and a small book on punctuation. When he saw the dictionary, he asked why I had not bought a "fat" one. I replied that they cost too much; and he ordered one at his own expense.

His correspondence never required more than five hours of any one day, and averaged hardly more than two hours a day.

The stock book in that office was a simple affair. It was in charge of a clerk who had a great deal of other work to do. I went to the chief clerk and offered to take charge of the stock book. It was the practice there to reënter all unsold or partly unsold lots of rice at the end of each month, thus showing in detail the quantity, quality, and cost price of the rice on hand. I went to the office on the night of the last and the first day of each month, and thus had the stock book up to date on the morning of the second of each month.

My employer did not appear to notice what I was doing.

Mr. Jones exported rice to Porto Rico, Cuba, and other islands. I gathered all the statistics I could on the exportations of rice, and later thought of the imports from foreign countries to San Francisco and New York. I got all the crop statistics I could.

And Introduce an Innovation

I STARTED a scrap-book of these statistics, and made up a form on which I gave Mr. Jones a report of the business, so far as I could learn anything about it, a few days after each steamer left for the islands. My information came from the Department of the Treasury and the Department of Agriculture at Washington, the Custom House, and the Board of Trade.

Annual tabulations were the custom in the trade. My tabulations came two or three times a month, with Mr. Jones' business and its percentage of the total in red ink.

I had introduced an innovation, and I was proud of it. But I had not been offered a raise. I consulted the chief clerk, who was friendly.

"I guess I'm doing a lot for $60 a month," was about the gist of my statement to him.

"Yes; Mr. Jones spoke to me about it this morning," he replied. "This is the end of the season, and you're to get $80 bonus and after the first you'll get $100 a month."

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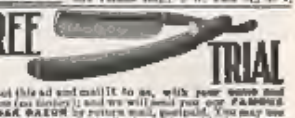

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Supposing There Were No More Gasolene?

By ERNEST A. STEPHENS

NINE thousand miles in a year is not by any means an abnormal distance for an automobile to travel, but it marks the limit to which each of the cars registered in the United States in 1915 could attain on its proportion of the total production of gasolene in that year.

At the close of 1916 the number of cars had increased by no less than 700,000, and the supply of gasolene obtained by normal processes had not increased appreciably. In other words, it is evident that if the 3,250,000 cars (or thereabouts) operating in the spring of 1917 are to be adequately cared for in the all-important matter of fuel, obviously the position is such as to give food for serious thought.

There are, speaking broadly, two solutions of the problem. One is to utilize new processes of distillation to the full, and thus to produce a sufficiently greater percentage of gasolene from a given quantity of crude to compensate for failing oil wells, and also to increase the available total supply; the other is to find an efficient substitute fuel that will operate in existing engines.

New processes are being feverishly developed, and up to the present the results seem to have been most encouraging, though as yet the bulk output has not been sufficient materially to affect the situation. Certain processes, technically known as "cracking" methods, have given an average of forty per cent. results,—about four times the average obtained from crude oil in the ordinary way,—and it may be that this increase will more than offset the partial failure of the Cushing pool of Oklahoma, famous as one of the main producers of crude containing a relatively large proportion of gasolene. Two years ago this pool furnished 300,000 gallons of crude each day; a year ago its production was under 100,000; and its future is problematical.

How We Waste Gasolene

THERE are sources of supply other than those from which we are now drawing our gasolene. We waste many millions of gallons each year by evaporation from open tanks and well mouths, and we are only now commencing to realize that in one year we lost approximately 300,000,000 gallons that might readily have been obtained from natural gas which was permitted to escape into the atmosphere. Both these points are now receiving the attention that should have been devoted to them years ago, and either may consequently prove to be of material help in solving what may be pardonably referred to as "the burning question."

Gunpowder and gasolene have little in common, except that in each case incautious handling is apt to have serious results; yet gunpowder was the fuel used more than two hundred years ago in the earliest known instance of an internal combustion engine. Seventy years ago a New York man patented an engine in which turpentine formed the fuel and water was used as a lubricant; acetylene has been used, and we are continually hearing of mysterious fuels composed of moth balls and water, or something of similar nature.

None of these substitutes is likely to find favor, but there are others. Kerosene and the heavier crudes are used in engines of marine and other heavy types, and the former is perhaps the natural first thought as a suitable fuel. As far back as 1902, however, the possibilities of kerosene were thoroughly investigated, and since then many attempts have been made to popularize it as a fuel for automobile engines, but without much success. Kerosene is greasy stuff to handle; it "creeps" over everything it touches, and, anyway, you have to use gasolene in starting.

Possible Substitutes

ALCOHOL would be the ideal fuel for America, since sufficient could be produced from the waste of the lumber camps to supply all the cars built for the next fifty years, were it not for the fact that in order to obtain efficient service all our automobile engines would have to be redesigned. Benzol, a by-product of coke, is eminently suitable as a fuel. We fail to recover about 130,000,000 gallons of it yearly, and the few million gallons we *do* distil are set aside for the production of dyes, chemicals, and high explosives. There should be no reason why, with minor carburetor adjustments, we can not supplement our natural fuel resources without very great expense.

This is the position in which the car user finds himself. Have you failed to remember that there are 300,000 motorboats, 40,000 farm tractors, innumerable stationary engines, and a few aeroplanes whose useful life depends upon an adequate supply of gasolene or a satisfactory equivalent?

Our Motor Service Department

Let us help to solve your problems. Write fully, and remember you incur neither expense nor obligation. Mark your letter "Automobile Editor."

I have a brand new (Buick) car, and a friend of mine told me that it is a good idea to put graphite in the differential with the oil. Is this a good idea?

How much oil should I put in the transmission case? *M. L. G.*

P. S. How much oil in the universal joint? By how much I mean to ask at what level the oil should be kept.

Absolutely the best (and only) advice that can be given is to refer you to the instruction book dealing with the particular model. You will find a chapter devoted to lubrication, in which the various recommended grades of lubricant are specified. It is always best to follow the car-builder's advice. He knows more about his product than does any one else. If you did not receive an instruction book with your new car you should write for one immediately, giving car model and engine number. Universal joints should be kept well lubricated, but it is not apparent how you can keep an "oil level" in them.

A few weeks ago I saw a department in your magazine devoted to questions and answers on automobile troubles. Will you kindly tell me how to mend my top so that it will look well?

I have seen advertised celluloid for mending tops. I sent for some, but I don't know how to use it. I will appreciate any advice you can give me. *E. H. T.*

Celluloid is used for mending or replacing head lights, but is not intended for use in repairing the material of the head. You can obtain prepared patches of the proper material from any automobile accessory store, with directions for application. It is an easy matter to effect small repairs, but in the case of a considerable gash or general bad condition you should consult a regular top-maker.

I have had considerable trouble with my car. The storage battery will discharge and become weak in a few hours, and when I switch on the lights they will not light right away.

There is no buzz in the coil as usual when I turn the motor over. The motor runs fine when running about ten miles an hour, but will not run over fifteen miles an hour.

Please tell me where the trouble is located. *J. P. M.*

The trouble you are experiencing may be the result of any one of a great number of possible minor faults. If you are satisfied that the wiring system is in perfect condition and that the terminals are all right, indications are that your storage battery is at fault. It is suggested that you send it to a reliable charging station, preferably to a service station maintained by its manufacturer, and have it recharged at a very slow rate. If it is possible to have the battery thoroughly overhauled before recharging, it would be a good plan. If you see that the battery is constantly maintained in an efficient condition, it is probable that your troubles will be over.

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